

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 9, 1969 55 CENTS

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SPORT ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, general office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Lohr, President; Richard B. McKenagh, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each Subscriptions price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$10.00 a year, outside persons anywhere in the world \$17.00 a year, all others \$14.00 a year.

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Next week

THE TRIPLE CROWN is at stake at Belmont as Majestic Prince strives to prove his classic quality by winning at a mile and a half, faithful rival Arts and Letters seeks revenge.

PALMER'S ORDEAL a 36-hole qualification round with a bunch of also-rans and club pros for a starting position in next week's U.S. Open, is covered by Curry Kirkpatrick

JERRY QUARRY prepares for his most important fight, against Joe Frazier, "when I find out what I'm all about." Mark Kram assesses his skills and where they will take him.

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BOOKTALK

A lifetime in the stables and the grandstands makes for some happy insanity

Along with the high rise in attendance at the nation's racetracks has come a plethora of books on horse racing—though there is still some doubt that horseplayers can read. Many of these books are written by professors turned handicappers. Their style tends to be gobbledegook, their subject matter the trite and obvious. Most of them offer systems of betting no more original than those developed by anyone who can read past performances.

In a new book called *Crazy Over Horses* (Atlantic-E title, Brown, \$5.75) Sam Toperoff has reversed this process. He is a Brooklyn horseplayer turned professor of English at Hofstra University on Long Island. He clearly demonstrates that he knows Thoroughbred racing from observation rather than theory, and he manages to be entertaining as well as opinionated.

In common with the late Joe Palmer, whose horse-racing column in the *New York Herald Tribune* was perhaps the most interesting and pertinent ever published in a daily newspaper, Sam Toperoff possesses a discerning eye for character and an accurate ear for lingo. There are few places that offer more characters and stranger lingo than racetracks—in the stable area as well as in the stands—and Toperoff has explored both since, as a boy, he began sticking out horse vans and betting.

Crazy Over Horses takes its title from a pop song of the 1920s: "Horses, horses, horses, crazy over horses, horses, horses," and the words fit both him and his words. The latter range from a chatterbox Irishman who talked in stilted abstractions to a Broadway moll whose weekend at Saratoga was first described in *SI* (Nov. 11, 1968) to an intellectual scion of wealth whose name is changed to Quenton Ranch III, called "Junior." Junior's father owned a magnificent, immaculate horse farm on Long Island, where Toperoff spent hours observing wild, crap-shooting stable hands. There are also some pleasant vignettes of assorted jockeys and trainers.

Toperoff relishes the beauty of Thoroughbreds even more than he does the peculiarity of people. Horses, he realizes, can be mean, but it is not they who try to con you out of your money. Toperoff's own betting experiences, like those of the rest of us, sway between glory and disaster. His wife of two years loves to watch him at his track antics, which indicates that some marriages, at least, are made in heaven. But *Crazy Over Horses* is not designed for crazy people alone. It will interest even those who have never been to a racetrack and do not intend to start. It will fascinate those who are addicted.

—M. R. WERNER

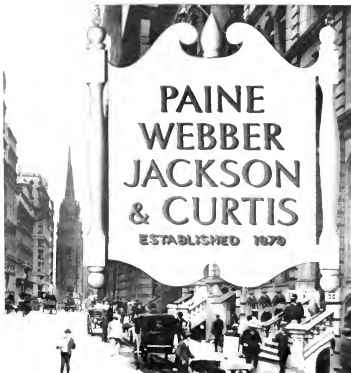
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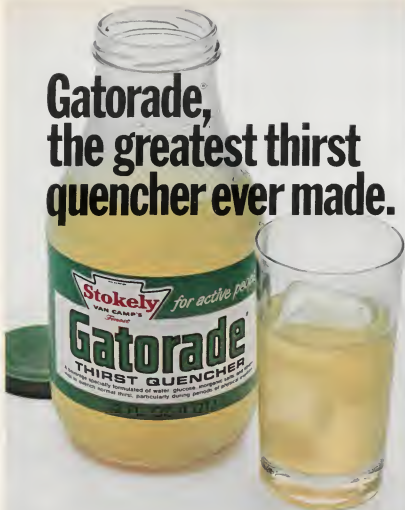
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July 6	London, N.H.
July 20	St. Jovite, Canada
Aug. 3	Watkins Glen, N.Y.
Aug. 10	Longview, Calif.
Aug. 17	Worcester, Calif.
Sept. 3	Donnerstag, Calif.
Sept. 21	Watkins Glen, N.Y.
Oct. 7	Watkins Glen, N.Y.

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SCORECARD

TRY HARDER

President Nixon has signed an executive order establishing the Environmental Quality Council. The President is chairman, and the Vice-President and six Cabinet members comprise the rest of the council. With Dr. Lee A. Du Bridge, the President's science adviser, serving as executive secretary, the council is to attack the threats to "the availability of good air and good water, of open spaces and even quiet neighborhoods."

We applaud the President's interest, but we have reservations about his approach, as we did about Mr. Johnson's "National Beauty" program, which we felt was superficial (SI, Dec. 11, 1967). The problems facing the council are complicated, and it simply does not have the ecological expertise to deal with them in depth. Further, some government agencies are in the vanguard of despoliation and it seems unlikely that the problems they have created will come in for full and frank criticism, much less correction.

We think an environmental council should be composed principally of scientists who have shown concern for man and his environment, men like René Dubos of Rockefeller University, Lionel A. Walford of the Fish and Wildlife Service and Paul Sears of Yale. Such a council should have the means and the freedom to conduct complete inquiries, and the right (even the duty) to make its findings and recommendations public. Once the council had spoken, it would be up to the President, his Administration and Congress to take action.

LADY WITH THE YIPS

Ben Hogan and Sam Snead may be interested to learn that you can get the yips in other sporting endeavors as readily as you can when putting (currently, Snead makes his short putts with a weird croquet-type swing, and Hogan doesn't make his at all, most of the time). At any rate, Mrs. Nancy Vonderheide Kleinman (SI, June 25, 1962 *et seq.*),

twice winner of the women's World Target Archery championship, has been smitten with the Snead-Hogan syndrome while trying to put arrows on target. You would think that such uncertainty on the part of an archer might worry a spectator more than a contestant (a stray arrow tends to hurt more than a stray golf ball), but Mrs. Kleinman wasn't that bad. She just wasn't winning. "I built up this afraid-you're-going-to-miss attitude," she explains. "I had the freezing problem so bad I couldn't let go of an arrow (and doesn't that sound like Hogan over a five-foot putt?). It was completely psychological."

Most archers and golfers who have the yips either give up or, like Hogan and Snead, hang on and doggedly keep trying. But Mrs. Kleinman did something entirely different. She switched over and began shooting arrows left-handed. And her bold experiment seems to be paying off. She recently won a major tournament in Brown County, Ind. and appears to be as good as she used to be right-handed. She is aiming now at her old world championship, which will be held in August in Ohio. If she wins, you might hear that Ben and Sam are out shopping for left-handed putters.

GAAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Adult nonsense continues to dominate children's games (SCORECARD, May 26). In Glen Ellyn, Ill. a dispute between two boys' football leagues (for kids from 9 to 14) came to a head when an official of one group allegedly punched the president of the second group in the mouth. What was the squabble about? Recruiting, for God's sake.

For a couple of years now representatives of the two leagues have been competing for players to the extent of visiting boys at their homes to argue the advantage of one league over the other and even, in the case of a particularly glittering prospect (say, a bruising 12-year-old running back), promising a football jacket if the boy signed with the right group.

Last month league officials met at a park board meeting where the radical suggestion was made that all recruiting be halted. Instead, boys would come to park offices, pick up literature extolling the leagues and, on a specified day, register with the one they preferred. Under the plan, a \$500 bond would be forfeited if "solicitous recruiting" occurred. (It was not suggested at the meeting, but perhaps Walter Byers and the NCAA could be recruited by the leagues to supervise things.)

The rival officials left the meeting together, discussing the proposal. One thing led to another and ended with a fat lip. That may have been unfortunate, but it did set a good example. You know what football recruiters say about a choice prospect: he loves to hit.

YOOGLIN' TOWN

Before a night game at White Sox Park in Chicago, three Minnesota Twins players and Coach Vern Morgan hopped in a cab outside their downtown hotel and said, blithely, "To the ball park." They settled down in deep conversation and paid no attention to where the cabbie was taking them until they realized that they were approaching Wrigley Field,



which is about eight miles north of White Sox Park. It seemed an unhappy but explainable error: the ballplayers are used to playing in one-team cities where the ball park is the hall park, and in two-team Chicago the cabbie just happened to pick the wrong one. Except, as a chagrined Vern Morgan said later, after the cabbie had pocketed \$6 for what is or-

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

dinarity a 52 ride, "I asked him if he had ever heard of anybody playing night ball at Wrigley Field."

THE JUDGE TELLS IT TO 'EM

The old problem of people living in houses next to golf courses came up again recently in Cleveland. Mrs. Julia Patton of Rocky River, Ohio took the Westwood Country Club into court, asking that the club's golfers be enjoined from hitting balls onto her property, which is adjacent to the 15th hole. She lost her case and appealed, but the Ohio Eighth District Court of Appeals upheld the lower court. Its opinion, written by Appellate Judge J.J.P. Corrigan, who was obviously using every club in his bag, said in part: "It is generally known that the average golfer does not always hit the ball straight. See *Gardner vs. Heldman* (1948, 82 Ohio App. 1). One less than the Mosaic decalogue, the adjudications enjoined by acromatomatic golf professionals, upon the millions of votaries of the royal and ancient sport, in interpreting the esoteric principles of the golf swing are: don't slice, hook, push, pull, sky, schiff, smother, top or shank."

After more such discussion of golf *raw* law, including a discourse on a slice belonging to a fellow justice, Judge Corrigan finally got down to hitting the ball. He ruled that since Mrs. Patton had built her house after the golf course had been established, she had "come to the nuisance," so to speak. Conditions had not worsened, as she claimed, and the club had tried to alleviate the situation. Further modifications, he wrote, getting back on the legalistic fairway, would be "of doubtful efficacy."

Hell of a round, Judge.

SEAGREN'S PLAN

Bob Seagren, the 1968 Olympic pole-vault champion, thinks vaulting competition should be changed. As it stands, the pole vault is usually the first event of a track and field program to get under way, and it is not at all uncommon to find the vaulters still at it when everybody else in the meet has packed up and gone home.

Seagren wants his event conducted the way the long jump is, or the shotput or discus throw, with each competitor getting a specific number of attempts, rather than having the entrants eliminated one by one as the bar climbs higher and higher. "I think each vaulter should

get, say, six or seven tries," Seagren says, "maybe in two rounds of three or four each. He could have the bar set at any height he wants on each jump, and he would get credit for the best height he clears. Right now the pole vault and the high jump are the only events in which you can't set a world record on every try. But Bob Beamon set his long-jump record on his first attempt in the final round at the Olympics."

Seagren feels that his system, which would do away with the often interminable wait between attempts, would improve vaulting standards. "I've talked to most of the top American vaulters," he says, "and they all think it would be a good idea, or at least worth a try."

QUESTIONABLE JOINT

A recent medical study of professional pitchers states that about half of the 50 men examined had had elbow pain severe enough to keep them from pitching at various times in their careers and that almost two-thirds showed evidence of a pathologic condition in their elbows. The incidence of pathology increased with age; it was noted in five of the 12 pitchers under 21, in 13 of the 21 who were between 21 and 25, and in 14 of the 17 who were 26 and over. Grab a bat, kid. Stay off that mound.

SAD SALMON STORY

Fishing authorities in Great Britain are deeply concerned about the Atlantic salmon, which, they say, is in critical danger. A disease called Ulcerative Dermal Necrosis has reached epidemic proportions (in 1967-68, for example, 22,000 diseased salmon were removed from the Tweed River in Scotland, and this in a stream with an average rod-caught catch of 40,000). UDN has not yet been noticed on the western side of the Atlantic, but since North American and European salmon shoal together in their first year at sea the danger of the disease spreading is very real.

Beyond UDN, the salmon is also being threatened by widespread commercial netting, particularly off the coast of Greenland. And there are rumors that the Soviet Union and Japan, those giants of ocean fishing, have plans to begin netting operations in that area. Denmark, which governs Greenland, has apparently done little so far to limit netting operations. The Danes will be challenged on the matter this month in War-

continued

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saw, at an international conference of the nations concerned, but in the meantime the precipitous decline in numbers of a great fish continues.

COLORFUL COMMENT

We Americans like to cheer for the Crimson and White, the old Blue and Gold, the Maroon, the Big Green, but Pittsburgh Paints indicates that college football is falling behind the times. The company is selling 720 different shades of paint this year and very few are called anything as prosaic as red or blue. One green is known as Water Sprite, a blue is Riviera Surf, a gold is Ecu.

Of course, if the colleges do change their images with these "brighter, bolder" colors, the loyal fan will have a lot to get used to. For instance, Alabama's Crimson Tide could well become the Red Raspberry Tide. Georgia Tech's Yellow Jackets could be the Jonquil Jackets. The Big Red of Cornell might change to the Big Firecracker, which seems apt. The Syracuse Orangemen could be the Oriental Poppies, and turn on the entire student body.

Ohio State, no longer an old-hat scarlet and gray, would be the Sour Cherry and Old Linen. Notre Dame's Fighting Irish would trade gold and blue for Narcissus and Flax Blossom. And down in Durham they'd be yelling themselves hoarse for the Duke Daphne Devils.

On color TV an announcer would not say that Northwestern was in purple and Michigan State green. Instead he'd report, "That's Northwestern in the Grape Glaze, folks, while Michigan State is in its traditional Glazed Mint."

Come on, you Narcissus and Flax Blossom!

THEY SAID IT

• Beans Rearden, former National League umpire, on the possibility of an electronic device someday replacing umpires: "It will never happen, because when you do that you've taken away all the alibis. Who can the managers blame losses on? Who can pitchers and hitters blame their troubles on? Believe me, the umpire will always be with us."

• Sam Jones, ex-Boston Celtics star, on the problems of youth: "I travel a lot and I see so many beautiful schools and play areas closed in the evenings. I see some of them closed in the summertime. We're not using these facilities the way they should be used."

END

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LA DOLCE INDY

The 500 was a scene of triumph Italian style as Mario Andretti won at a record speed in a car he had sold to flamboyant Andy Granatelli—and thus removed the notorious hax that had plagued both men at Indianapolis **by KIM CHAPIN**

Near the end, when the victory that had to be was finally in sight, the key participants could scarcely believe it. The Indianapolis 500, that white whale of a race that had spit back their harpoons year after tantalizing year, is not supposed to be so easy to win. Chief Mechanic Clint Brawner, who is 52 and looks older, limped up and down in front of the pits, a battered straw hat on his head, a purple handkerchief draped over his tender, sunburned neck. He had been trying to win at the Speedway for 18 years, and he remembered 1961, when his driver, Eddie Sachs, was forced to pit to replace a shredded tire with a 17-second lead and three laps to go. Car Owner Andy Granatelli refused to accept congratulations from anyone until the checkered flag waved. Instead, he sat mutely in a folding chair with his feet propped up on the pit wall to ease the pain of his chronically bad back and nervously chewed an STP sticker, remembering the anguish of his turbine near misses and the heartbreak over his beloved Novis in past years.

On the racetrack Mario Andretti was only too conscious that he had seen most of the last three 500s as a spectator—and thus drove his last 95 laps, all of which he led, at a supercautiously slow pace. To be sure, when he did take the checkered flag—and a purse of \$205,727.06—he had established a 500 record of 156.867 mph, but that was because the race was remarkably accident-free. The yellow flag came out to slow the field to 125 mph only twice, and for a total of just 14 minutes. Andretti's speed during those

final laps often dipped as low as 155 mph, or nearly 15 mph slower than his qualifying speed and some 10 mph slower than he was capable of running under race conditions. Behind him on the track only 10 cars were still alive. Second finisher Dan Gurney was two laps behind and third-place Bobby Unser another lap and a half behind Gurney.

If the last part of the race had lacked pizzazz, there was compensation for spectators within view of the carry-on afterward, beginning when Granatelli erupted in joy and headed down the pits to Victory Lane in one of the most magnificent hundred-yard dashes ever run by an overweight, up-from-the-slums Chicago pansy. (Brawner ran, too, but was so benumbed by tranquilizers he could hardly speak.) Delirious like a fox, no sooner had Granatelli given Andretti a big kiss than he slapped an STP decal on Mario's shoulder and delivered a plug for his book, *They Call Me Mr. 500*. Andretti was keeping cool for a native of Italy, but, then, he had to: next thing he knew, Granatelli hoisted him up on his shoulders and carried him to the pace car, in which they were to take a celebratory lap.

Anyone with a tinge of Italian heritage had to have a heart of mozzarella not to get a kick out of the scene, and not merely because the winners had been some of Indy's hard-core hard-luck cases. They had had plenty of scares going into this year's 500.

In early May, Mario had come to the Speedway with a four-wheel-drive racer fresh from Colin Chapman's Lotus

works in England. He quickly established himself as the fastest driver on the track, but in practice three days before the first day of qualification, as he was moving fast through the fourth turn, the right rear hub carrier of the Lotus broke. The wheel sheared off, and Andretti hit the outside wall of the turn so violently the bodywork flew off and the car caught fire. Mario was lucky to get away with no more damage than second-degree burns across his upper lip, cheeks and nose. He could have driven another Lotus, but his accident caused concern about the safety of all the Lotuses, though they were probably the best cars at the Speedway under the proper conditions.

"I'm as brave as the next guy," said Mario, "but only if I'm satisfied the car is safe. My crew doesn't want to bolt me into just any old tub. I don't either."

(The other Lotuses, to have been driven by Graham Hill and Jochen Rindt, were withdrawn.)

Andretti chose to drive his backup car. It is a Hawk chassis, whose saw-tooth shape Andretti described as "swoopy," designed by Brawner and his co-crew chief, Jim McGee, and powered by a turbo-charged Ford. With only two days' preparation, Andretti put it in the front row alongside pole-sitter A. J. Foyt.

So far so good. The car had won an earlier USAC championship race in Hanford, Calif., and except for a few modifications was essentially the same car Andretti had qualified last year. But on

continued

His face still bearing evidence of a fiery pre-race accident, the beawreathed winner sits astride Andy Granatelli's shoulders in the Indy pace car





LA DOLCE INDY *continued*

Wednesday of last week, barely 48 hours before the race, another problem developed. On Tuesday afternoon Chief Steward Harlan Fengler had told Andretti he would approve an external radiator that Brawner and McGee wanted to add to the car directly behind the driver's head. There is a USAC rule stating that no external changes may be made to a car between qualification day and the race, but until this year it had been loosely enforced.

Foy complained to USAC, claiming that he had labored long and hard to rig up an extra internal radiator on

his car before qualifications, and he wasn't about to let Andretti get away with adding one after. Tuesday night Fengler met with USAC president Charlie Brockman, USAC competition director Henry Banks and a Speedway vice-president, Joe Cloutier, and decided Mario's radiator had to go.

Andretti was informed of the decision early Wednesday morning and was furious. At first he threatened to withdraw the car and at a later meeting with Fengler, the steward reportedly said to Mario, "This Speedway made you what you are today." Mario retorted, "If I

had to depend on this place for a living I'd starve."

The conversation deteriorated from there, but the radiator came off amid predictions that Mario's engine, plus the other powerful but delicate turbo-charged Fords, would be out of the race inside 50 laps because of overheating, or, if that didn't happen, that they would use fuel at such a rate that the 325 gallons allotted to each car would not be enough to finish 500 miles.

The day arrived humid and a bit hazy, and after the pastel-tinted crowd of 275,000 had more or less got seated, after



Andretti flies down the homestretch on his way to victory in the Hawk-Ford he had to substitute in three short days for the car he had crashed.

the traditional *Back Home Again In Indiana* had been sung, and after Tony Hulman had told the gentlemen to start their engines, Andretti beat Foyt in the trophy dash to the first turn and led the first five laps with Foyt and A.J.'s teammate, Roger McCluskey, bare ear lengths behind. Then Andretti glanced at his temperature gauge. Already it read quite a bit above normal. He slowed slightly and on the sixth lap Foyt charged to the lead. On the 11th lap McCluskey moved up behind the Texan.

The race was barely 50 miles old before two contenders in four-wheel-drive

Lolas powered by turbo-charged Offenhausers were in serious trouble. Bobby Unser, the 1968 winner, was forced to make a tire change on the 23rd lap because something in his suspension setup was causing his right rear tire to overheat. The trouble continued throughout the race, and that same tire was changed four more times during the afternoon. At the end of the day Unser was exhausted. "After the tire heated up," he said, "the rear end of the car slid every time I tried to turn. Boy, is this car tired. Physically, this is the hardest race I've ever had." It is a credit to his stam-

ina that he hung on and finished third.

Mark Donohue was in the other Lola-Offy that had early difficulty. A too-rich fuel mixture was, in effect, causing his engine to flood and cut out every time he got back on the accelerator after braking. He ran the entire race with a dead engine for 400 yards of nearly every lap, but despite this—and a magneto failure—he finished seventh and was named Rookie of the Year.

By the first of the three pit stops planned by all the cars—at approximately 50, 100 and 150 laps—Foyt, McCluskey and Andretti were still engaged in

continued



their own private race for the lead. A second group, including Lloyd Ruby, who had charged from way back in 20th starting position to fourth in less than 100 miles. Joe Leonard, Wally Dallenbach and Lee Roy Yarbrough, was roughly 15 seconds farther back.

The first of Andretti's strongest contenders to come a cropper was McCluskey, who ran out of gas on the 48th lap and, coasting to the pits, dropped out of the top 10. After all the leaders had pitted the first time, Foyt had an eight-second lead over Ruby, who in turn had a slight margin over Andretti. Ruby had moved up so smartly in part because Mario had taken 43 long seconds for his first stop (because of improper fuel flow), in part because he was driving a supremely skillful race and at 41 was as victory-hungry as Granatelli.

Then, between the 79th and 127th laps, occurred an amazing series of mechanical mishaps that eliminated every challenger who dared to contest Andretti. It was on the 79th lap that Foyt, who had led for 66, suddenly found himself without full power and began falling back. On the 102nd lap he pitted for 24 minutes to rework a cracked aluminum fitting around the intake manifold. He might well have parked his racer then, since it was obvious he had no chance to win. But instead he chose to continue, and eventually finished eighth.

Meanwhile, a classic confrontation was shaping up. When Foyt fell back, Ruby moved into the lead to the first sustained ovation of the afternoon, and there was every reason to believe that this was the car that could push Andretti, possibly to the breaking point. Andretti regained the lead on the 87th lap and kept it through a caution flag brought out when the right rear suspension on Arnie Knepper's car broke coming out of the fourth turn on the 88th lap and slammed the car violently into the wall. The car bounced into the middle of the track, and Knepper had enough presence to stand atop it and direct traffic.

Andretti pitted for the second time on the 104th lap and again took an un-

comfortably long time—39 seconds. Ruby, now the leader, came in four laps later, confident of increasing his margin by means of another swift refueling. It should have been just another routine stop. Two hoses, locked into place by quick-fueling rigs, began feeding fuel into the car's two tanks. Chief Mechanic Dave Laycock looked into the tanks through top vents to determine when they were filled. Then Laycock closed the vents. This was Ruby's signal to pull out of the pits, which he attempted to do. But one of the fueling rigs had stuck and would not unlock, and when the car spurted forward its momentum ruptured the tank. Fuel spilled out underneath the car. Instead of resuming the race in first place, Ruby suddenly found himself sitting in a dead car in a puddle of highly combustible methanol. He got out—quickly.

Laycock was beside himself. He stormed over to an ice cooler filled with sandwiches and soft drinks and tore it apart. Ruby, who had reluctantly learned to accept such disappointments—he was black-flagged with a 50-second lead late in the 1966 race, and a malfunctioning coil cost him the race last year, again while he was in the lead—slowly removed his helmet and walked with his head down back to the garage area.

"Everything was going well," Ruby said. "I guess it's just not meant for me to win at this place. It hasn't been too lucky to me."

"We're all selfish," Andretti said later, "you've got to be. But deep down inside everybody wants Ruby to win this race. If I had gone out he's the one guy I'd have pulled for."

Andretti regained the lead when Ruby was eliminated, of course, and with Ruby out his margin was up to 23 seconds, or nearly half a lap, over Joe Leonard, now in second place. But 19 laps later Leonard was black-flagged. A piece of metal remaining on the track from Knepper's accident had punctured his radiator and it was slowly leaking water.

Besides the waiting game, the only remaining drama occurred on Andretti's final pit stop, on the 154th lap. Brawnner worked one fuel hose, and after uncoupling it he slipped under the left front wheel and Mario bumped hard against him before Brawnner could get out of the way. The injury was not serious—just an ugly bruise on his shin and a tire tread on his pants leg—but Brawnner was

still gimpy as he ran in Victory Lane.

For the last 125 miles the only problem Andretti's crew faced was making sure the little Italian went slow enough to win. He ran slowly, of course, but occasionally, more to relieve the monotony than anything, he cut a fast lap—say around 160—at which McGee, who was signaling Andretti from the outside pit wall, frowned sternly enough so that Mario slowed back down.

The obvious question, of course, is whether Andretti's car would have lasted had it been forced to run hard by Ruby, or Foyt, or McCluskey, or anybody, for the full 200 laps. Andretti is not sure. "We would have been in trouble," he admitted. "We got good mileage until we reached 166 mph, and then it was a problem. We were extra cautious on our pit stops because we were operating only on a three-gallon margin [less than two laps]."

For Granatelli, the triumph of his car was somewhat ironic. The racers that he had brought to the Speedway briefly as a driver, then as an owner, and the turbines of 1967 and 1968 were as closely identified with Granatelli as STP. That is not quite the case with Andretti's car.

When Andretti's former owner, Al Dean of Dean Van Lines, died of cancer after the 1967 racing season, Andretti bought up his cars for the following season. The double burden came to be worrisome, however, and last winter he sought another owner. As Brawnner said, "We couldn't promote \$250,000 and buy Andy has a lot of money." So the deal was made, and Granatelli was forced to win the 500 just like any other owner. "I'm happy," he said, "but it's not the same as it would have been with the Novis or the turbines."

The day after the race the principal actors were still enjoying the euphoria of victory. Jim McGee liked the idea of being one of the youngest crew chiefs of a winning car, and Brawnner, who had threatened to retire if he ever won, promptly retired. Andretti said he would continue on the USAC championship circuit, but he also said he has had his eye on Europe and would like to take a good shot at winning the world driving championship in Formula 1 cars. As for Granatelli, the first thing he did when he returned to his motel after leaving the track was get a haircut. It seems he's got this new commercial. Something about the racer's edge.

END

Lloyd Ruby's drive ended in disaster after fuel hose (the rear hose of the two shown above) failed to disconnect and ripped the tank when Ruby pulled away. He gets out as a crawfish pours water on fuel spilling from the radiator.



Tossing pennants at Tecumseh's statue: young Navy fans hope to bring the Middies luck by carrying on a traditional pragmatic ceremony

INTO COMBAT WITH STICKS, FOR MORE THAN A TITLE

Every Army-Navy match is a miniwar, but the Cadet lacrosse men had never forgotten the ultimate humiliation they were forced to endure following The Great Drubbing of 1965 by PATRICK F. PUTNAM

For Jim Adams, Army's laconic and long-suffering lacrosse coach, it would be his last chance for some time, perhaps forever, to smack the smugness out of Navy. The Middies do not cross sticks with Penn, and that's where Adams, because he has five daughters, will be employed next year. At Penn, the daughters of coaches go to school tuition-free, at West Point, where they are stuffy about the sex of their students, they do not. And so the last trip to Annapolis, with the national championship, or at least an equal share of it with Johns Hopkins, to the winner, and, well, no quarter to the loser, Army hadn't won this game since 1963, and no one at the Point has been able to forget or forgive The Great 18-7 Drubbing of 1965, when the Middies' first string poured it on for almost the full 60 minutes, then walked away laughing.

"They never put in any of their reserves," Adams grimly told his heavily favored Cadets in the locker room just before last Saturday's game. "They just kept running up the score. And when it was over, they picked up Bill Bilderback [the Navy coach] and carried him over to our bench. It was the most humiliating moment of my life."

In lacrosse, the teams sit on the same side of the field and are separated by

no more than the width of the official scorer's table. Carrying a winning coach over to greet the loser is akin to sinking an enemy and then shooting holes in his lifeboats. The Army, led by its scoring ace, Pete Cramblet, voted to ignore all white flags.

"It's nothing personal," said Cramblet. "Take the Navy guys one at a time and you'll like them all. Nice guys. But get them all together and you don't want to know them. We don't just want to beat them, we want to beat them badly."

The Cadets went into Saturday's game with only a 14-11 loss to Johns Hopkins against them. No team had held them to fewer than 10 goals, and in seven of their nine victories they had won by eight goals or more. "The only way to beat Army," the ancients of the game were saying, "is to score 20 and hold them to 19."

"The way we got to try and beat them," said John Padgett, Navy's premier defenseman, "is to knock them down, intimidate them. We've got some good tough boys and there're going to be some people on the ground."

When Bilderback scouted an Army game recently, he took Padgett with him. In Saturday's game the 5'11", 187-pound senior was given the task of stopping Cramblet. When Navy had played Hop-

kins, Padgett had been sent to do the same job against All-America Joe Cowan, had shut him out and Navy had shocked everyone by winning 9-6. It was Hopkins' only loss this year. The Middies had been less fortunate against Princeton and the Carling Club, losing to both by 10-8 scores. And Princeton lost six games, which made a lot of people wonder how the Navy managed to win 10.

"We won because the kids wanted to win," said Bilderback, an unassuming little man in baggy pants who has won six national titles and shared two others in 11 years as Navy coach. "We don't have any superstars, just a bunch of fighters. Lacrosse is just like combat, and our kids wouldn't be at the Academy if they didn't want to be in combat." Then he grinned. "But I guess that's why they are at West Point, too."

Saturday's combat had hardly begun when Army's John Connors took a pass from Marty Knorr, slipped past a Navy defender and drilled home a goal. And few in the crowd of 16,056, the largest intercollegiate lacrosse history, noticed that Army, disdainfully, had not even started Cramblet. Now he trotted on. An All-America as a sophomore last year, he had 35 goals and nine assists going into the Navy game. Rivals would love to double-team him, but they can't because

there's sophomore Tom Cafaro, who is almost as good, with 16 goals and 23 assists. And Knorr (17-18). And Darby Boyle (11-17).

"We like to mix them up, use them in different three-man combinations," said Adams happily. "It keeps the other team confused."

Adams shook his head. "That Cramblet is something else. You almost have to not coach him. You hate to tamper with his style, which may not be classic but is natural to him. You tell him what to do and he does it a different way, yet he winds up scoring. It's not that he's a rebel; it's just that he has to play his way to play well." He smiled. "I guess you can say his performance has overcome my coaching frustrations."

Out on the field Cramblet was playing lacrosse his way, left-handed. He took a pass from Charlie Jarvis, a footballer who plays lacrosse defense as though armed with an ax, took two steps to the right—and passed to Boyle, who scored.

"But they said he doesn't pass off," said the bewildered Middies. "No matter. We'll get our share. That Army goal is not too much."

The goalie was Rob Stewart, a small fireplug who had moved into the job six games after the season started. The Navy scouting report on him said: "Shoot and ye shall score." And Navy, which shoots often if not very well, unloaded 46 shots at him, most of them wildly. One shot, fired in desperation, sailed high over the goal and passed through the football goalposts 20 feet beyond, which left the crowd demanding three points for a field goal. On Navy's shots against Stewart, only 17 came near the goal and only three went in. The Middies scored their fourth goal against the reserves, while Army was voting to give Stewart the game ball (final score: Army 14, Navy 4). There is no record of what Navy voted to give its scout.

If Navy's attack was having its problems, Army's, led by Cramblet, who scored four goals and had two assists, was not. The Cadets took 10 fewer shots than Navy, scored with 10 more. "No sense throwing the ball," needed an Army player later "unless it goes in the net."

Cramblet didn't get his first until early in the second period, and it was a beauty. He came in behind the Navy goal

from the left—chased by Padgett turned away, went into the air and let go over his right shoulder. "Actually, it was pretty lucky," he said later. "All I was trying to do was avoid getting hit. I saw Padgett coming and I went up to get away from him. I was just trying to get rid of the ball." He scored twice more in the quarter, and Army took an 8-3 lead into halftime.

But Navy wasn't done. For 14 minutes and 59 seconds of the third period the Middies held Army in check, until Knorr found Navy's goal unattended with one second left in the period and scored, to make it 9-3. "Until then, it was tug-of-war," said Adams. "Navy had to do its thing to get back on it, and we had to do ours to hold our lead. Just two forces struggling to see who could get some momentum going. That last goal at the end just took it out of them."

With six minutes to play, Adams re-learned he pulled his starters. But when it was over, the Cadets were relentless—they piled Adams on their shoulders and carried him the six feet to the Navy bench. Rai-a-tai-tai. Under went the Navy lifeboats. **END**



Maneuvering around a center, Army's Cramblet takes his left-hand shot.



Frustrating Navy: Cadet goalie Stewart clears one of many Middie tries.

\$ 250,000
\$ 650,000
\$1,400,000
\$ 0,000,000 ?





WHAT PRICE HEROES?

Did you think O.J. Simpson (left) was greedy last week when he asked for a \$650,000 contract from the Buffalo Bills? The author of this highly personal and provocative story thinks athletes with the Simpson charisma are underpaid **by FRANK DEFORD**

Somebody is making a fantastic error in judgment. Now, who do you suppose it is? General Motors or the Buffalo Bills? GM has decided that a few minutes of O.J. Simpson chatting about cars on TV this fall is worth \$250,000, but the Bills think O.J. has no right asking \$650,000 to play football full time for several years. Well, I appreciate that General Motors has more money than the Buffalo Bills and I also realize that it is easy for me to spend somebody else's money. Nevertheless, I think Simpson is a steal at double the price he is asking—which would be, incidentally, about what Lew Alcindor got, and I think he came cheap too. Wait till you see what Pete Maravich commands next year.

The reason O.J. should get a bundle is simple. Most sports today are suffering from a dearth of genuine heroes, those magnetic personalities who by themselves attract crowds, increase ratings and create sustained, widespread interest in their sport. Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio, and where we're at it—Sandy Koufax, Jim Brown and Mickey Mantle. History shows us the most successful ages in sport are not distinguished by events but by individuals. The '20s were memorable because of Ruth, Dempsey, Tilden and Bobby Jones, not because of the events they won.

The need for new heroes is greater than ever now that the seasons are longer. Until the championship games at the end, interest in any sport relates absolutely to the quality and quantity of its heroes. That is, its superstars—an overworked word that must do.

Talent is only the first part of being a superstar. Beyond that, to deserve the title a player must establish a notoriety and an impact that can be turned into box office. The Halls of Fame are full of guys who lacked star quality, whereas Alcindor is already an NBA su-

persstar even though he has never played a game. Oscar Robertson is a great player but he is no superstar. Neither is Hank Aaron nor Billy Casper nor Bart Starr, Stan Mikita, Rod Laver, Lance Alworth, Juan Marichal, Pete Rose, Don Meredith, Nate Thurmond, Rod Gilbert or Leroy Kelly.

In fact there are few genuine superstars, or Impact Champions, as they should be called, to differentiate them from the expert journeymen. Consider, for instance, just how little hat Pete Rozelle has as he goes about trying to sign TV contracts for pro football. He has Joe Namath with an Achilles knee as his only certified Impact Champion. He has Johnny Unitas and Gale Sayers coming off the ropes. And maybe he has Simpson. In terms of multiyear millions-of-dollar contracts, \$650,000 really does look like a bargain.

Sports generally are so desperate for personalities with instant recognition that now they are even trying to create interest in secondary middle management. The literal answer, after all, to where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio, is that he has gone to display himself on the coaching lines. But there is no evidence to indicate that this is helping the Oakland A's box office. Similarly, once the initial burst of curiosity is satisfied, it is just as doubtful how long Washington fans will be content to pay money to see Ted Williams and Vince Lombardi exhort their faceless performers. Students of human nature will also be in for a setback if throngs of Cincinnatians show up to watch Bob Cousy sitting on the bench.

At the same time that sports make a fuss over star-managers they let competing businessmen pirate some of the greatest talents they have nurtured. Two of the most stylish Impact Champions in history, Brown and Koufax, left for movies and broadcasting. And

continued

why not? Other entertainments pay more realistically than sport for services rendered.

Sport offers too much tribute to the peripheral contributions of the super-numeraries at the expense of the great stars who really make it. Writers and commentators (must they be "color men?") wallow in mechanical expertise. It is always shrewd planning, gears meshing, wonderful organization. Perhaps it only reflects our anonymous lives, but it is forever the battle plan that is celebrated, not the classic individual achievement.

So, submerged by spear-carriers, obsessed by game plans, programmed by celebrity coaches, the potential hero disappears into the background, the visibility and value he could bring to a sport forgotten.

If I were Howard Hughes, sitting on all that money out there in a dark room in Las Vegas with my own sports TV network and a plan, maybe, of using sports as a springboard to a regular fourth network, I think I might call up Mr. Simpson and say, "If the Bulls or pro football don't think you're worth much more than a linebacker, maybe we can work something out. We can, for instance, get a few quarterbacks to go along with you. [Quarterbacks, as Al Davis showed us, have their price.] We can put a league in about eight warm-weather cities and play January to April, when we don't have so much competition but when the number of TV sets in use is still peak high." Ah, but that certainly does sound like science fiction—doesn't it, Rick Barry fans?

Certainly it must seem of some interest to football that the sports with the highest per capita ratio of heroes, hockey and basketball, have enjoyed the greatest recent increase in popularity. The NHL East has a high impact ratio, 667. Three of the six teams have an Impact Champion—Hull of Chicago, Orr of Boston and Howe of Detroit—and a fourth, the Canadiens, are a corporate IC, an Impact Faction.

The NBA has the most young heroes and two Impact Factions, the Boston Celtics and the West-Baylor-Chamberlain threesome. The Impact Faction is as valuable as the Impact Champion since it assures a sport of identification and continuity. We all hated the Yankees because they always won, but when

they finally decayed and crumbled it left us with nothing to root against. (Rooting against is every bit as important as rooting for.) With the unbeatable Yankees gone, baseball has lost its most valuable commodity.

Pro football has also lost an Impact Faction, the Green Bay Packers. When Green Bay was winning year after year, we came to know the Packer names—Cowler, Nitschke, Starr, Kramer—just as we did Kubek, Skowron, Bauer, Ford, and it was somehow reassuring to know they were all back, even if we hoped *this* year they wouldn't win. Now that it is apparent that, like the Yankees, the Packers are through, pro football will suffer. When the Celtics finally fade, as they must, pro basketball will feel the loss.

In no sport is the value of an Impact Faction so obvious as it is in college football. Despite all the polls and bowls and Cinderella slippers, the Ohio States, Penn States and the various Texasas have been relatively insignificant in the recent upsurge of interest in the college game. (With a fly-white team and a facility for keeping even Joe Namath in his own immense shadow, Bear Bryant has, on balance, probably hurt the sport.) The one positive constant? Think back: Bubba and Michigan State vs. Notre Dame. Bob Griese and Purdue vs. Notre Dame. Southern California vs. Notre Dame. Every week: Where will Notre Dame be in the polls? And ultimately: O.J. vs. Notre Dame.

ABC has enjoyed unexpected success with college football because it has had the good sense to find enough loopholes in the ridiculously coordinated NCAA TV policy so it could repeatedly show Notre Dame and O.J., separately at first and then together. This year, with no Impact Champion to replace O.J., interest and revenues in college football are likely to drop off precipitously by midseason if Notre Dame does not remain in contention for that ersatz national write-in championship.

Of course, college football would not lose so exposed to that possibility if it had championship playoffs. A lot of people do not subscribe to the concept of playoffs (\$1, April 7). They are, purists say, unfair, because it is improper for a fourth-place team like the Celtics to win the league championship while the team that finishes first in regular-season play

loses out. But what the hell—away games are unfair and so is the player draft and the reserve clause.

In my opinion playoffs are vital to the success of a sport, not the least reason being that they can give so many of the best players the chance every year to show their skills under the brightest, most magnified circumstances. Think, say, of Richie Allen. He is doomed, it seems, to finish every superb season in obscurity, struggling before the few hundred fans who can muster enough interest to go out to Connie Mack Stadium to see whether the Phillies will finish in fourth place or fifth.

However, if the regular season ended on Labor Day and the rest of September were devoted to playoffs, Allen might become baseball's John Havlicek and take the Phillies through all sorts of upsets right on to the World Series. Showcased every year in that way, an exciting player like Allen would have a chance to obtain the recognition he needs to become an Impact Champion. Besides, to everyone's benefit, this excitement would be carried over into next year's regular season. We could have seen Willie Mays in 13 playoffs, not merely three World Series. What's unfair about that?

With so many players and games and teams—most of them losers—it would be too hard now for Willie Mays to gain the proper attention due him if he were a new rookie breaking in. Quiet men like DiMaggio, Musil and Unitas may never again be recognized. That type made it strictly on the field, needing only sustained excellence. Nowadays the multiplicity of sports militates against that possibility so that all of the most recently ordained Impact Champions have required off-the-field controversy to complement their athletic exploits. Muhammad Ali and Namath had the facility of being heard at an extraordinary distance. Orr and Alcindor were child prodigies. Orr, Alcindor and Namath were all celebrated economic models. Nobody anymore seems to just come along and get better and better and at last just sort of drift into high status. The sports structure has stacked the cards against that.

An arm of that structure, the media—notably the newspapers—has also served to prohibit effectively the lionization of some very logical candidates. Their se-

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Monaco, Luxembourg, and Liechtenstein invade the U.S.

It all began when Nine Flags introduced a collection of men's shaving colognes, made from essences imported from nine different countries.

Little did we realize we hadn't considered essences from Monaco, Luxembourg, and Liechtenstein.

In fact, little did we realize these countries even existed. Till they threatened to invade America.

Their war cry was: "Ours are as greets theirs!" And after intensive sniffing, Nine Flags admits it's true. So we now present our new collection of colognes: "See Amber,"

epicy as the warm winds of Monaco. "Wild Cedar," fresh as the deep green forests of Liechtenstein. And "Meadow Grass," mellow as the sunny fields of Luxembourg.

Now, we just hope that Zanzibar, Penguin Island, and Antarctica don't hear about this.

Nine Flags® essence of cologne

No man should be without a country, however small.

lected coverage of sports is based too much on tradition; it does not keep up with changing tastes. Often, when the Roller Derby comes to town and out-draws the local baseball or basketball team, sports columnists seem annoyed that people should wish to see what they—as columnists—do not. It is as if the entertainment pages kept jamming ballet and opera and concerts down our throats when it is nude movies we want to see and read about.

Auto racing, which I happen to abhor, nevertheless attracts more paying customers than any other sport except horse racing—and avariciousness, not sport, is the major appeal with the horses anyway. But auto racing seldom receives the attention it deserves. If one of those Yarboroughs or Yarbros or whoever is always winning those 8,000-mile races in the South in their Plymouths or Ramblers were accorded just half the annual publicity a Joe Popitone gets, within a year one and maybe both of them would be a nationally recognized Impact Champion of the magnitude of a Namath.

Of all sports, none—not even football—needs new heroes as much as golf does. Golf, being a really miserable spectator exercise—especially on television—depends largely on personalities. It has no continuity, and the whole last half of the season, that part after the U.S. Open in June, is a lame duck.

Arnold Palmer has taken golf to where it is, but as sure as God made little white Tulelets, the wave has crested. No sport can possibly sustain popularity when every week a new nobody hauls off a big bunch of money from the Magnolia Classic. More money is not the answer. Jackie Gleason is going to offer a \$75,000 first prize next year, and all that will do is attract even more nobodies and guarantee a \$75,000 nobody winner, which really isn't a whole lot different from a \$50,000 nobody winner the week before.

All those people who say close competition is good for a game should be delighted with golf now. It is equality run wild, the ultimate triumph of the me-too middle class. Against the hordes of fine young golfers in every tournament, it is mathematically impossible for a young Palmer to win enough to establish a constituency and bring interest to the sport.

continued

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for as low as \$85.00**



MARIO ANDRETTI

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Firestone just took its 46th victory at Indy. It's a record no one else can touch. So we're celebrating with a sale no one else can touch.

Now you can buy four white stripe Firestone Deluxe Champion tires for as low as \$85 (Sizes 6.50-13 or 7.00-13)*. And the Deluxe Champion is an original equipment tire. Already on many of the new 1969 cars, it's specially engineered for smooth ride and long mileage.

You need no money down, have months to pay. Sale lasts till July 5, at all Firestone Stores and participating Firestone Dealers.

Four original equipment Deluxe Champion tires for \$85. What a way to celebrate!

*Plus applicable Federal excise tax on four tires and four trade-in tires from your car. Other sizes priced proportionally low.

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The Sweetshot isn't so sweet anymore.

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Animal.



The all-new 1969 Sweetshot leaps off the tee like an airborne gazelle. (A new, tighter rubber-wound liquid center provides extra distance.)

It zeros in on greens like a hawk. (It's precision threaded for extra accuracy.)

It stalks the cup with the sure-footedness of a jungle cat. (Precision threading also makes for truer putts.)

Even its sound is new and wild. The new Sweetshot SS Plus, alias "The Animal." Sic it on your opponents.



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The New Magnavox 13" in. screen

**It's only 13 pounds.
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It's only \$79.90.
It's only beautiful.**

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HEROES *continued*

Golf must be restructured—and fast—or it will die for lack of big names. Here's what I would do: divide the money in each tournament three ways. At an average run-of-the-mill \$150,000 tournament I would, for instance, allocate only \$100,000 for regular prize money. This sum would be contested for by an established—and limited—number of golfers who would qualify for the whole 1970 tour off their 1969 performance—based on a point system, not money winnings, since every golfer in the whole wide wonderful world makes \$375,000 a year.

All other would-be stars would compete in a minor league tour in large part subsidized by the big tour. Forty thousand of the \$150,000 would go toward prize money for such a tour. It is a high price to pay to keep the raffraff out, but it is worth it. The final \$10,000 would go into a gigantic playoff pool that might grow to as much as \$300,000 by November, when the top 15 main tour leaders and the single top winner on the minor league tour would meet in a match-play spectacular for the PGA title.

This system would benefit everyone. It would stop the escalation of purses but encourage the fat cats like Palmer and Nicklaus to compete in a maximum number of events. Young players would move up only after establishing a reputation. Point standings would introduce continuing interest for the whole season and stability would be brought to the game.

It is too late in the year to introduce the point system into golf, and baseball probably wouldn't agree on a playoff format—even if it wanted to—until 1985 or so, but it is not too late for Ralph Wilson, president of the Buffalo Bills, to get up the money for O.J. What I'd do if I were Wilson is run around to all the other owners in professional football and say, "Look here, when I bring O.J. into your stadium, you're going to sell out. Without him all you're going to get is your season ticket holders because my team won't even draw relatives. O.J. will make more money for all of us and bring a lot of excitement into the game. So help me pay him what he wants because if he doesn't sign soon, he probably will open a chain of restaurants, and the movie people have been..."

END



Illustration and art from 'The Life of the Cutty Sark' reprinted with permission of British Ship & Dockworkers, Ltd., Falkirkshire

"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's burgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.



Capt Medley commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race.

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Pilsen Line-deep with tons of tea, wool—or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet... and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPING... yet she beats both handsily.

1872. CUTTY VS. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P & O, steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first...the rest, nowhere."



CUTTY's jury rudder.

The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.

And the reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste.

Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: the taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.



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WIDE-OPEN EYES ARE ON TEXAS

U.S. Opens are often held in old clubs that look like castles and are as much fun as a bank, but this year's tournament at Champions in Houston promises to provide a swinging atmosphere by **DAN JENKINS**

There has always been this joke that if you took the average golfer out of Texas and put him on a lush fairway in the East—a Merion, say, or a Winged Foot—he would declare he is unplayable. He needs some of that good old dried crust of the rangeland on which to hit his spectacular 40-yard putter-approach shot. He also needs a handful of dust to wash down his glass of beer in the clubhouse. Everybody knows a Texan plays golf in a Stetson and an undershirt when he's not shooting people or forming a conglomerate. Everybody knows his wife has the same hard so she wore as a drum major's and that his idea of absorbing culture is to stroll through Neiman-Marcus. And we all know what he thinks about society's problems. There wouldn't be no ghettos if everybody was a Lee Trevino (see cover). Old Lee, he just upped and won his self out of poverty in the National Open. Lee's a real fine Mexican. Real fine.

In all of the above there is an element of truth, but there is more misconception than anything. In its bewildering vastness Texas is a lot of different places. The harsh, flat, windswept country is out there, to be sure, with an occasional fairway blending into the mesquite—and a man in a Stetson hitting pitch-and-run shots to the greens. But in all other directions one can find such surprising things as tossing hills, mountains, coastlines, meadows, pine thickets and hollows, and fairways curving through all of this. The truth is, there is more grass in Texas than crust—Bermuda, rye, bent—all of it green like at Winged Foot. And a pretty good example is the Champions Golf Club in Houston where the U.S. Open championship will begin next week.

Champions is plush enough and elegant enough to dazzle any non-Texan and it is so well-conceived that it outshines almost every country club that tries to cater especially to golfers. About 20 minutes north of the downtown Houston area, it is set in a forest of pine, water oak, cypress and hickory and along the bank of a deep, rushing creek, which comes murderously into play on a couple of holes. There are man-made ponds and man-planted shrubs to enhance the beauty and increase the shot value. It is a flat course, about the flattest the Open will have been played on, but it twists and turns and stretches out its length so that the pro is invited to hammer the driver repeatedly or come up short. The greens hump and sway and offer some fascinating pin placements—behind bunkers, behind ponds, beneath trees. In its subtleties it is much like Winged Foot, a course with only two or three truly memorable holes but one which offers a hellish lot of golf from start to finish.

The pros know Champions well. They know it as a demanding layout where 274 is the best 72-hole score on record—without rough or other USGA indignities—and they know it as a course that keeps the field bunched up. Over the last three years, when the club staged the Houston Champions International, each tournament was decided on the very last hole. Arnold Palmer edged out Gardner Dickinson on the final green in 1966, Frank Beard holed a 20-foot birdie on the 72nd to skim by Palmer in 1967 and Roberto De Vicenzo won last year when Lee Trevino bogeyed the closing hole.

To longtime followers of the Open, Champions will seem very different in atmosphere. Most Opens are held at ancient places like Baltusrol and Oak Hill, which have clubhouses that resemble castles and members who look as if they're headed for a world money conference. The Champions clubhouse is tastefully

modern, a one-story used-brick building with white trim. It is simple but handsome and spacious, with high ceilings, thick carpets, much glass and a thousand or so tons of air conditioning flowing through it. The members are mostly young men still trying to make their first million. They are ardent golfers and healthy drinkers, joking, enthusiastic, open-collared and friendly.

In most endeavors Texans find themselves lassoed to their past. They bought that Alamo thing a long time ago, and you can't pry it out of their heads by closing the face on a sand iron. The land was hard won and hard worked, and therefore it is sacred. Somebody once said that Texans are at home wherever they are but that they only build things in Texas. Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke went home to build Champions. There they now live and work, home to stay, ordering any additional sophistication they need from the catalogs, as most Texans do.

It was as natural for Demaret and Burke to build a splendid golf plant (there is another 18-hole course, equally testing) as it was for the two old friends to make it a fun-loving place where just about anything might happen on or off the courses. Most clubs that hold the Open like to dwell on the days when Jones and Sarazen played there or how the green on 15 is eroding or how President Taft holed out from the 9th bunker one time. Champions members, however, talk about the day Demaret played on one leg and beat a group of them out of their money, or of his habit of getting some of them to grab their guitars so they can go serenading the cottages across the way, or about the banjo bands Jimmy brings into the dining room at night.

A Texan probably would have invented golf if a Scot hadn't. The land was there and so was the climate, and a

continued

PARTNERS in building Champions 10 years ago are Texans Jackie Burke and Jimmy Demaret, who have won a total of four Masters.



HOGAN (FORT WORTH) WON FOUR OPENS

NELSON (FORT WORTH) WON IN 1936



hearty, lonely challenging game was needed for the Texan to test his nerve, his discipline and his bankroll. "It was a stuffy rich man's game in the East," says Demaret, "but it was never that in Texas. Our towns were small when golf began to catch on after World War I, and our people were poor. For years Texas had more public-fee courses than country clubs. All you had to do to play was drive five minutes and tee it up."

Tournament golf reached Texas before it reached a lot of other areas. The Texas Open was originated in 1922. It was started in San Antonio by a newspaperman, Jack O'Brien, who lured the Walter Hagen to town and passed a hat in the crowd to get enough prize money to break even.

"The Texas Open got a lot of kids interested in golf," says Demaret. "In those days baseball was the only sport a kid could go into to make a living doing what he liked. Hagen showed there was a living to be made in golf."

The first major championship came to Texas in 1927, to the old Cedar Crest course in Dallas where Hagen won his fourth straight PGA title. It was a giddy week for Texans. They turned out to cheer for Harry Cooper, a home-town hero who learned to play at Cedar Crest, and to stare at the glamorous Hagen and to see all of golf's other professional stars of that era: Bobby Cruickshank, Tommy Armour, Joe Turnesa. Magic names.

By now a lively amateur circuit was growing around Texas, and tournaments like the Kerrville Invitation were being played throughout the spring and summer. And some youngsters named Jimmy Demaret and Byron Nelson and Ben Hogan were playing in them. The circuit still exists.

The tournaments begin in mid-March and continue into September. During the summer from the plains in the West to the pines in the East and from the wind-torn mesas of the Panhandle down to the Gulf, there are 10 to 15 tournaments every week. There are invitations for players under 30 and over 30, there are junior tournaments and partnership tournaments, and to the winners go everything from TV sets to shotguns to bags of clubs and more crystal and silver than any college kid can use.

The publicity college golf has always received in Texas is enormous, second only to football. To the longtime fol-

lower of Texas golf, Billy Maxwell was more of a celebrity at 15 than he ever was later. Maxwell ravaged the state as a teen-ager, playing epic matches against the likes of Earl Stewart, Don Cherry, Don January. Joe Conrad and others. Maxwell, Conrad and January all wound up on the same college team at North Texas State. North Texas won four straight NCAA titles, then SMU won one and then Houston took over and with all of its Baxters, Heckmans, Crawfords and Blancases the Cougars have now won 10 of the last 13 NCAA's. What other golf team can claim as North Texas State can that on one squad there was a U.S. Amateur champion (Maxwell), a British Amateur champion (Conrad) and an eventual PGA champion (January)?

Every pro agrees that Texas' amateur circuit deserves as much credit as the climate and the availability of courses for producing so many talented players.

"There's nothing like it anywhere else," says Byron Nelson. "If a boy can travel to different parts of the state, he'll learn to hit a tremendous variety of shots. He'll have to put backspin on the wedge one week and then pitch-and-run it the next. There's no question that these tournaments have helped popularize golf in Texas and encouraged us to turn out so many good players."

Not even Californians can deny that Texas has turned out more first-rate golfers than any other state. You can start with Hogan and Nelson from Fort Worth, Demaret and Burke from Houston and Ralph Guldahl, Harry Cooper and Lloyd Mangrum from Dallas and you've got something of a Hall of Fame right there. Only the worst kind of Texan would try to list them all, but a few other familiar names are Trevino, January and Frank Beard from Dallas, Dave Marr, Marty Fleckman, Homero Blancas and Howe Johnson from Houston, Charlie Coody, Ernie Vossler, Don Massengale and Jack Montgomery from Fort Worth, Billy Maxwell from Abilene, Don Cherry from Wichita Falls, Wesley Ellis and Joe Conrad from San Antonio, Shelley Mayfield from Seguin, Fred Hawkins from El Paso, and let's not forget some of the girls: merely Babe Zaharias, Betsy Rawls and Betty Jameson.

Obviously, golf got a mighty boost in Texas from the success of Hogan, Nelson and Demaret in the 1930s and 1940s but

it was not exactly harmed by the coming of the U.S. Open. When the Open went to Colonial Country Club in Fort Worth in 1941, it was the first time the big one had moved south. A trio of well-to-do Fort Worthers, Marvin Leonard, Arnon Carter Sr. and Dr. Alden Coffey, coaxed the USGA into accepting Colonial, a course Leonard had built, pioneering bent greens in the hot Southwest.

It would be a long-remembered tournament for several reasons. Craig Wood began the championship with a double bogey 7 on the 1st hole, bogeyed the 2nd hole and tried to quit. Tommy Armour, his playing companion, talked him into staying—and he won. In winning, Wood became the "duration Open champion," for World War II canceled the championship for the next four years.

Wood did a curious thing after making his acceptance speech, one of those little things that help promote the game and that pro golfers seldom think of. Driving back downtown to his hotel from Colonial with Fred Corcoran, then the PGA's tournament manager, Wood let Corcoran talk him into stopping at a practice range on the way. "The Open champion stops to hit a bucket of balls," said Corcoran, envisioning a headline. Wood did it. Corcoran phoned the newspapers, and the picture and story made Page One across the land.

So the first Open in Texas lived on—and so did a happy driving range owner.

The second U.S. Open in Texas was played at Northwood in Dallas in 1952. The Northwood Open is remembered for its heat, the temperature hovering around 100° throughout a tournament that Ben Hogan dominated but did not win. Hogan led the first two days with 69-69—138, tying the 36-hole record in the Open, but he melted into 74s the last day when two 18-hole rounds were still required. Up ahead of him, a relatively new star, Julius Boros, fell into one of those trances that Open competitors are familiar with. Boros, with an old Carolina friend, Clayton Heafner, walking with him and cheering him on, was up and down in two out of 11 bunkers over the last 36 holes to hang on and win by four strokes.

The same Julius then that he is now, casual and unemotional, Boros greeted his first major victory in a characteristic way. "I need a beer," he said.

Two other major championships have

been played in Texas. Jack Nicklaus won the 1963 PGA at the Dallas Athletic Club in much the same kind of heat that Boros survived, and last year Bennis, at 48, won the PGA at Pecan Valley in San Antonio. It is worth noting that all five of the big tournaments that have been played in Texas were taken by known players—Craig Wood and Bennis in the Open and Hagen, Jack Nicklaus and Boros in the PGA. It suggests that the Open coming up at Champions will be no place for the Jack Flecks.

What will it be for Lee Trevino, Texas' latest contribution to golfing lore?

When Trevino won at Oak Hill last summer, clacking all the way with his Fleas, he looked very much like a con-sumer, a happy accident, golf's living credibility gap. But Lee Trevino is alive and well and living at the bank.

He has followed up that Open victory with wins in Hawaii and at Tucson, and he went into June with more than \$75,000 in prize money for 1969, which made him the second leading money winner behind Gene Littler. He doesn't care about the fact that few men win back-to-back Opens any more than he cares about the fact that Mexicans aren't supposed to play golf.

Trevino likes Champions, having performed extremely well there a year ago, and Champions may still like him. He drives with a fade, which is something of a must for Open courses since a fade is more easily controlled than a hook and since a fade won't run you into as much of that high Open rough as a hook will. As Jackie Burke has said, "Always hit a fade. You can't talk to a hook."

Moreover, Trevino is a low-ball hitter, and the flat terrain is perfect for him. There will be no hills for him to drive into like those that disturb him so at the Masters. All in all, Trevino goes into this Open with a better chance and a better attitude than most defenders and, regardless of what he shoots, Lee's presence will be felt in Houston, as it is everywhere he goes.

And so it all falls together for what should be a thrilling and unique U.S. Open. The defending champion is, after all, a Texan. And he goes to defend the biggest title there is in his home state. He goes to a truly superb course built by a couple of men who, like him, are brilliant players, amusing personalities and, of course, Texans. They are all part of the same legacy.



JANUARY (DALLAS) WON THE 1967 PGA

MARR (HOUSTON) WON THE 1965 PGA



CONTINUED

POINTILLIST VIEW OF HOUSTON'S CHAMPIONS

It is not recorded whether Georges Seurat ever had any trouble with his short irons or if he even knew about the game of golf for that matter, since he died in 1891, four years before the first U.S. Open. Nevertheless it was the pointillist technique of this famous French post-impressionist painter that Don Moss decided to use when he was assigned to illustrate the key holes at the Champions Golf Club in Houston, scene of next week's Open. To do so, Moss first went to Chicago to study Seurat's masterpiece, *Un Dimanche à la Grande Jatte*, which hangs in the Art Institute. He then spent the better part of a week cruising Champions in a golf cart, parking when he found the place from which he wanted to paint a hole, using the wheel of his cart as an easel. The results are shown on the following three pages along with literal diagrams of each hole, the red arrows marking the spot from which Moss viewed the scene. Following this, Jack Nicklaus discusses the problems that will confront the Open players at Champions and identifies the type of golfer who is likely to win.

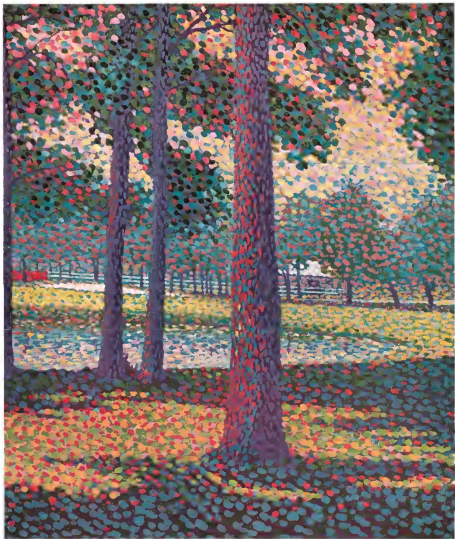
THE CRITICAL HOLES...

THE 12TH hole begins a stretch of three over which the Open may well be won or lost. A 213-yard par-3, the 12th asks the golfer to hit a long iron or even a wood over a large pond in front of the green.

THE 13TH, a 544-yard par-5, is a birdie hole, but one mistake will mean a bogey. The drive must avoid a gorge on the right and trees on the left, and the second shot must carry a small desert.







THE 14TH is the toughest hole on the course, a 430-yard par-4. Players should hit a three-wood or a low iron off the tee to keep the ball in play. The approach to the narrow green is threatened on the left by tall pines and a lagoon. Cautious pros will choose to hit short with their approaches.



... PLUS A LITTLE DEMON



THE 4TH hole is a 193-yard par-3 that offers the golfer a chance to hit into a mini-Grand Canyon from which he may never emerge. Reminiscent of the famous 16th at Cypress Point, the 4th will intimidate a lot of pros into hitting their tee shots so far to the right that they will have to pitch up for their pars.

A NICE COURSE IF YOU LIKE SNAKES

by JACK NICKLAUS

I am afraid that next week's U.S. Open on the Cypress Creek course at Champions will be an unhappy homecoming for most of us. For the past three years Champions has been a regular stop on the tour, and each time the pros have played a course that was not as long and not as challenging as it could have been. When these same pros—Jack Nicklaus included—play Cypress Creek in the Open, they will discover that their short, fairly easy friend has changed.

Cypress Creek has retained its name, but it has lost its old identity. Oh, the thousands and thousands of trees are still there alongside every fairway, helping to provide that claustrophobic feeling. So are the 10 water holes and those awful snake-infested gorges. The greens still are Texas-sized, too. But now Cypress Creek has a mean new look.

Here is what has happened. When we have played Cypress Creek on the tour, the PGA field staff has advanced some tee markers, widened the fairways and centralized the pin placements. If the field staff had set the course the way Jimmy Demaret and Jack Burke Jr. designed it, well, some of us might still be out there trying to thrash our way through the woods and out of the gorges. So, we have always played an easier Cypress Creek; we have never been exposed to all of the wicked hazards Demaret and Burke built into the course.

The USGA never likes to make things easy. It attempts to establish a difficult but fair test of shotmaking over a course complete with every conceivable situation. In other words, the U.S. Open aspires to be a 14-club tournament—not one that requires only a driver, a short iron and a putter. The USGA has at-

tained this objective at Cypress Creek.

Since Demaret and Burke constructed Cypress Creek with an Open in mind, the USGA (I still want to say Joe Dey) has not had to perform a golf-course transplant to prepare a challenging 18-hole test for the Open players. The USGA has, in fact, made fewer major alterations at Cypress Creek than it has at any recent Open site. The officials have changed the par on only one hole—the dogleg-left 5th. This used to be a 513-yard par-5, a fairly easy birdie hole for most players. In the Open it will be a 451-yard par-4, an unlikely birdie hole for any player.

Other than that, Cypress Creek will play almost the way it was designed to play—a 6,967-yard par-70. The tee markers will be set in locations that most of the pros have never played. The players will find that their drives will not clear some trees and sand traps and gorges and lagoons as they used to do. The fairways themselves have been severely narrowed. Trees once formed the edge of the fairways, but now there is four-inch rough extending out about 15 yards on either side. That new rough will prevent tee shots from bouncing through the corners of the doglegs and back onto the fairways.

Let me cite just a couple of examples where the change of tee and added rough will affect our golf:

The par-4 450-yard 11th hole always had the tightest driving area when we played the Champions International. Drives hit to the left were either in water, sand or the trees. Drives hit to the right were lucky—no sand there, no water—just a tree every few inches. (Let me say one thing about the Cypress Creek trees: when you hit into the woods, nine times out of 10 there is only one

way out—sideways.) This driving predicament obviously was not severe enough to satisfy the USGA. Now there is thick rough growing where there used to be carpetlike fairway. The driving area on No. 11 is not wider than 25 yards.

The par-4 18th hole at times has been a birdie-type finisher that required a drive hit anywhere in the fairway and an easy nine-iron or pitching-wedge approach to the green. The trees on the right and the trap on the left did not come into play because the tee markers were moved so far forward. Even the shortest hitters were able to hit their drives past the obstacles. For the Open the tee will be set back into a clump of trees. The drive must be placed down the left side of the fairway—as close to the edge of the trap as possible—for the player to have a good angle into the green with his approach shot. That approach now must be played with a medium-range iron—certainly not a wedge. The trap in front of the right side of the green will be a popular visiting place. I think it is unlikely the Open will be won with a birdie on the 72nd hole—the manner in which Frank Beard won at Champions in 1967.

Even though this all sounds very tough, Cypress Creek will still present a fair test of golf. I think the USGA does an exceptional job every year in its attempts to incorporate every type of golf shot into an Open—and certainly this year the Open champion will be a complete golfer. That is what an Open champion should be.

For me this will be a U.S. Open filled with firsts. For instance, this will be the first year I will play an Open on a so-called modern golf course, although Congressional and Bellevue had been

continued

rebuilt and therefore might be considered new, Cypress Creek, after all, is only 10 years old. Oak Hill, Baltusrol, Olympic, The Country Club, Oakmont, etc., the scenes of other recent Open championships, are old, established clubs. Cypress Creek, however, is not the typical modern golf course. It does not look like—or play like—a parking lot.

The 1969 Open also marks the first time I will play an Open course that is the site of a regular tournament on the PGA tour. I have never won the Champions International. I finished 19th in 1966, 38th in 1967 and fourth in 1968. I played my 12 rounds there in a total of one over par. Since I have played Cypress Creek many times, I have changed my usual pre-Open routine this year. Usually I take off from the tour and practice at the Open course the week before the championship. This year I will play in the Western Open, and try to defend my title, the week before the U.S. Open. I probably will not arrive in Houston until Monday—three days before the Open begins.

The most important first will occur next Thursday when I putt. After playing in 12 Opens, I finally will have to putt on Bermuda-grass greens. Frankly, I have never been a great putter on Bermuda greens. I prefer the bent-grass putting surfaces. I learned to play golf on a course, Scotto Country Club in Columbus, that has bent-grass greens, and I have won the majority of my championships on bent grass.

Bent is a slick, fast, true putting surface. Bermuda is usually slower and grainier. I am a "die" putter. I like to tap my putts on a line and let them die into the cup. I can do this on bent grass because the ball rolls without interference from any grain. On Bermuda grass I must become a "charge" putter. I must stroke my putts solidly into the cup, for if I play them to die, the grain will grab them and change their direction. For me the conversion will not be easy. I play poorly in Florida, where practically all the courses have Bermuda greens, while I play better in the Midwest and the Northeast sections of the country, where most courses have the bent-grass greens I prefer.

Therefore, I think the players who usually putt well in the Deep South will have a slight advantage at Cypress Creek.

Some of the best Bermuda putters on the tour are Dan Sikes, Doug Sanders, Gardner Dickenson, Frank Beard and Lee Trevino. At the same time I expect that the players with a fine touch on ultra fast greens will not do as well. Sometimes this advantage and disadvantage theory does not prove true. Last year Trevino won the Open on a course—Oak Hill in Rochester, N.Y.—with bent grass.

Putting will be important at Cypress Creek, but I do not think the Open will be won on the greens. The greens are so big that all players will three-putt often enough over four rounds to negate the value of some of their unexpected one-putt greens. Nor do I think the Open will be won from the fairways. The big greens will provide sizeable targets for all approach shots. There are no postage-stamp greens at Cypress Creek.

The 1969 U.S. Open will be won by the player who hits the ball with the most precision and the most accuracy off the tee. There is only one small place to be on every hole; if you are not in exactly the right spot with your tee shot, then you will have trouble making a par. The trees will force players to hit low, quail-high shots that will roll into water hazards lurking in unexpected places. All these water hazards have slick entrances; the surrounding grass has been cut short, and on some holes people will have stamped over it for a few days. Indeed, a misdirected tee shot at Cypress Creek will lead to a series of disasters.

This demand for precision and accuracy will be most critical on the 12th, 13th and 14th tees. It is here, as a matter of fact, that the Open may be won or lost. Not many players will be able to cover this stretch of holes in even par. I had a chance to win at Champions last year until the 14th did me in and I can think of half a dozen other players who also blew their chances to win because they could not handle these three holes.

The trouble begins on the 12th, a 213-yard par-3 over water. The shot requires at least a three-iron, maybe even a three-wood. The tee shot must land on the putting surface. If it hits anywhere short or left, it will roll down the slippery bank and into the water. If it hits right, you will be in sand. The green itself is about

the largest on the course and it probably has the most undulations. It looks like a roller coaster. This hole courts bogeys.

Trouble continues on the par-5 13th. As the player stands on the tee, he notices that the wind is cutting across—left to right. Naturally they put a gorge along the right side, too. Still, the player must hit his drive onto the right side of the fairway if he wants to go for the green with his second shot. This is a real dilemma. The 13th is the only birdie hole on the back nine, so most players will gamble off the tee. The losers will make bogeys.

The 14th hole, a 430-yard par-4, is the most difficult hole at Cypress Creek. One of every three players has bogged this hole in the last two Champions International tournaments. It is easy to see why. To start, the tee is at the bottom of a hill and right against trees on the right side. When the player sets up squarely between the tee markers, he finds himself aiming 50 yards out-of-bounds to the right. I have hit drives out-of-bounds here before and I expect other players will do the same.

So the player first must convince himself to take proper aim on the tee. Next he must find a way to drop the ball a fraction to the left of an imaginary line down the middle of the fairway. If he drops it any other place, he will not have a clear shot at the green. For example, say I hit my tee shot onto the left side of the fairway. I will have to hit my second shot 1) over trees and 2) over a lagoon to a severely narrow green. Almost impossible. Now say I hit my tee shot to the right—not in the trees, not even in the rough. I am there in the right fairway. Well, I cannot play the ball up the right side to the green because trees will catch it. I cannot play it left because the lagoon will swallow it. The only shot I can play will leave me in poor position around the green.

I will use either a three-wood or a one-iron off the 14th tee. I will not mind having to play my second shot with a three- or a four-iron, rather than a six- or a seven-iron, if I am in good fairway position. In fact, I will be happy to hit any club for my second shot if I am in decent fairway position.

However, no golf course, particularly a U.S. Open golf course, consists of only three holes. Cypress Creek has perfect

continued

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U.S. OPEN continues

golf-course balance. We start with a long dogleg par-4, then move to a straight-away par-4. (Bogeys will outnumber birdies about 4 to 1.) The 3rd hole is a short par-4 with a dogleg to the right. The tee shot here must be tunneled between the trees. The 4th is a tough par-3 with a 40-foot gorge (watch out for snakes) that runs along the left side of the fairway and then juts to the right near the edge of the green. The 5th will be a long par-4 instead of an easy par-5.

The 6th may be the sneakiest hole on the course. There is water along the right near the green, and the grass slopes at the water. When they place the pin on the right side of the green, many players will hit their approaches into the water. The 7th is another dogleg-right that demands a drive aimed at the second mound from the golfer's left as he looks out from the tee. The 8th is one of the best holes on the course, a par-3, about a six-iron, over water. The 9th is a par-5, a birdie hole. Trees on the right side of the driving area force the player to the left, away from the hole. The green is L-shaped. Some players will find themselves on the green with blind putts.

The 10th hole is a repeat of the first, and I have discussed the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. The 15th can be an easy par-4, but even so there are sand traps and an out-of-bounds threat to the right and trees to the left. The 16th is a short or a medium par-3, depending upon pin placement. There is a trap to the left and front of the green to menace approach shots. The 17th hole is a strong par-4, an excellent hole. The best tee shot is left, but there is water left. A ball hit over the green will wind up in the bushes. As I said earlier, the 18th will not be a birdie hole in the Open.

Checking the Champions International tournament record book, I see that the three winners, Arnold Palmer, Frank Beard and Roberto De Vicenzo, shot 275, 274 and 274, respectively. I don't expect anyone to match those scores. If anyone comes close, he surely will be the winner.

I suspect that at the end of the tournament, when the last player has puttied out on the 72nd hole, we all will be happy to contemplate the 1970 Champions International and a return to the Cypress Creek course we used to know and love.

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'I DO WHAT I THINK IS RIGHT'



Before trying to figure out who John Carlos is or why he is who he is, you've got to know that when he went to college he barely knew how to read. Yet, growing up in Harlem, John Carlos knew how to hustle. Now he hustles not on the corner of 143rd Street and Fifth Avenue or in Darby's pool hall, but everywhere, all the time, for acceptance, for love, for money, for success. But he demands all these things on his own terms. The reality of John Carlos is fixed within himself and it will stay that way, and he will succeed—or fail—because of it. "I hate to copy my man," he says, "but I have to agree with Ali. I've always been my own man. I've made myself. I will always do what I think is right."

But what John Carlos thinks is right keeps changing. At the Olympics, for instance, he was not only interested in winning medals but in espousing Black Power and, of course, joined Tommie Smith in the black glove demonstration. Now he is far less militant and is dedicating himself to setting world records—principally in the 100 and 220—which he could do any weekend. And he is out to get some of the white man's money. Carlos is eligible for this year's pro football draft, and the pros don't draft extremists even if they go 6' 4", 202 pounds and run the 100 in 9.1.

In public, at track meets, the new Carlos plays the clown, kidding his fellow athletes, signing autographs for his fans, rapping with the crowd. After winning the 200-meter dash in the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. International Freedom Games at Villanova, Pa. last month he was at the top of his form—waving an index finger to let everybody know who was No. 1, apologizing for losing the 100 earlier in the meet, putting a baby gel on the head, taking a container of orange juice from a spectator, drinking it, giving it back, then laughing with everyone when a man yelled, "Hey, Carlos, let them give you a Wheaties job like Bob Richards."

Yet in private he still can be extremely serious. By far, his greatest concern is his wife Kim and their 3-year-old daughter Kimme. "My little girl is growing up," he once said, "and when she comes to me and tells me, 'Daddy, my dresses are too small,' I have the re-

sponsibility of getting her new ones."

And he tells the story of a plane ride he took shortly after the incident at the Olympics, when a stranger, for a moment, saw his other side. "On a plane," Carlos says, "I usually sleep. But this one time I sat down next to a guy who had this fear. He needed someone to talk to while flying. He said he'd buy drinks for me if I'd talk. I figured since he was buying, all right. Naturally, he wanted to talk about the demonstration. He didn't know who I was, and he was saying how he thought Tommie [Smith] was O.K. but how he didn't dig that Carlos. I just very quietly tried to explain the whole philosophy behind what we did. We had a good talk. Finally, when we got to the Coast and it was time to leave, the guy looked at me and said, 'I never did get your name.' I shook his hand and said, 'John Carlos.' His mouth dropped and he just said, 'You know, from all I've read I never imagined you could be like this, that you could talk this way.'"

In a simpler day John Carlos might have been nothing more than the latest World's Fastest Human—a long-legged, powerful runner who tied the world record in the 100-yard dash (9.1) this year and last year ran a 19.7 200 meters, which wasn't a world record only because he was wearing brush shoes, which have been deemed illegal by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. He has lost only once in his last 18 races over 100 and 220 yards (for their metric equivalents) and has won six straight Most Valuable Performer awards.

But the times and John Carlos are not so simple. It was once written that 10 years may pass like an uneventful day, but there may come a day that is like 10 years. For John Carlos that day was an October afternoon in Mexico City. After Tommie Smith won the gold medal in the 200 and Carlos won the bronze they mounted the victory stand and, as *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played, raised their black-gloved fists and bowed their heads. From that moment they became more than just fast runners.

They were banished from the Olympic Village, but they were heroes to many blacks. A week afterward at Howard University, Carlos received a medallion portraying Malcolm X and remarked, "This is the real gold medal." His ex-

But what John Carlos thinks is right keeps changing. Today he acts the clown at the track meets he dominates. Last year he was both vilified and lionized for his Olympics Black Power gesture **by SKIP MYLENSKI**



planation for the Olympic demonstration came at a welcome-home rally for him and Smith at their school, San Jose State. "When Tommie and I got on that stand," Carlos said then, "we knew we weren't alone. We knew that everyone at home who was watching was up on that stand with us. We wanted to let the world know about the problems of black people, and we did our thing and stepped down. We believe we were right. We'd do it again tomorrow."

Yet today, less than a year later, Carlos has rejected such blatant militancy. This summer he is going to be a counselor and a goodwill man for the Seafarers International Union School of Seamanship in Piney Point, Md., where his boss will be Pappy Gault, the Olympic boxing coach and the man who had Olympic Heavyweight Champion George Foreman wave the American flag. At the Freedom Games, in his first race in an SIU uniform, Carlos was clean-shaven, a transformation Gault took credit for.

In a short press conference after the meet, Carlos propounded his new philosophy. "I'll still be right along with the black movement," he said. "But I'll be more discreet in my actions. I'll be going for the same things but I'll be changing my tactics. I did what I did thinking of the black kids coming around after me. I didn't want them to go through the same things as me. But I've been getting too many hate letters and it's disgusting to have my wife read them to me over the phone."

"Do you feel you were taken advantage of?" someone asked.

"Everyone has been taken advantage of by someone at some time in his life," Carlos answered. "But I don't want to name any names." At that point Gault stepped quickly forward and added, "That's right, he doesn't want to name names. That's not nice." Then he told Carlos he thought that was enough and that he should make a closing statement. Carlos said thank you, he was happy to have been able to run so well in the East and he jogged off. His little speech was, in effect, a postscript to a remark he had made earlier in the day. To avoid controversy, he told a reporter, "I don't have any more comments to make to nobody."

John Carlos is, then, an enigma, certainly to those around him, perhaps even to himself. "I am sort of unpredictable," he once said. "But I think that's good." He hides behind his antics, looking for attention, for an audience. "He is like a rattle," one man close to the San Jose track team said. "He is a constant noise. I don't even listen. The noise goes on from morning to night. You turn it off and on."

"Everything's a stage for John," says his teammate, Sam Davis. "He even uses the track as a stage. And in order to win that Emmy, he has to be smooth. So he keeps practicing."

The show goes on everywhere. At meets he wears a fluorescent yellow track suit with "Johnny Carlos" in red block letters across the back. The Coke he drinks is often mixed with Scotch. He signs autographs in the stands until minutes before his race, and when he finally gets to the starting line, his seeming unconcern, his smile, perhaps even a pat on the back, will snap most runners like violin strings. "He'll never let anyone get the high side on him," a friend says. "Not you, not any runner, not any cat on the street. Carlos talks to keep that high side off himself."

Everyone has his favorite Carlos story. There was the night in Düsseldorf when he drank with a local reporter until 3 a.m., then bet him two fifths of Scotch that he would beat Willie Turner in the 200 meters later that day. Carlos did, of course, and he collected his bet in the infield. (Carlos laughs when reminded of this. "Well, my father used to tell me," he says, "You can drink all you want as long as you can still go home and hang up your clothes instead of throwing them over a chair.")

Then there was the night after the 1968 San Jose Invitational when Carlos served an unidentified whiskey that was so strong his teammates gagged when they tried it. "If you had ever been in Harlem," he told them, "you would appreciate it. You would know it's good stuff. If you lived where I lived, you would have grown up on it."

There was Lake Tahoe, when he went to the starting line for the finals of the 200 carrying a tape recorder. He danced in his lane to African music while wait-

continued

ing for the start, saying after he won that the sounds helped loosen him up. And there was the verbal battle between him and O.J. Simpson when it appeared they would run against each other in the 440-yard relay at last year's Coliseum-Compton Invitational. "Listen here, O.J.," Carlos roared, "when we get to that third leg and I get the baton, I'm just going to run right up your butt and come out your eyes." No one laughed louder than Simpson.

All of this is part of Carlos' hustle, his need to be noticed. He even works out in the morning, some say, so he can come to practice in the afternoon, do nothing but talk, then brag, "Look, man, I don't even practice and I'm winning races." And he has threatened not to run so many times that his teammates have got to kidding him whenever the question comes up. "Yeah," they say, "let's boycott."

"Is John ever serious?" Tommie Smith muses. "John's always serious. He's serious when he's out there talking. That's John. That's his way. See, being serious doesn't necessarily mean going out, sitting down and being quiet. John's way is talking. If you ever see him sitting and quiet you know he's sick."

Carlos himself once explained it to a friend. "You know," he said, "with all the stuff that's going on in the world, with babies dying and being crippled and the whole war going on, if I walked around and was intense about everything, I just couldn't take it. This is my escape—clowning around. It makes it a lot easier to get through."

As a lot of blacks would agree, that is one of the very few ways to "get through" a Harlem boyhood. ("If you were weak," Carlos says of growing up in Harlem, "you ended up a hood. You ended up killing people.") Then there was Manhattan Vocational and Technical High School, where Carlos learned machine and metal trades—but not how to read worth a damn. There was no track, certainly no thought of college, and when he graduated in 1965 he started to work and, on the side, to run for the New York Pioneer Club. He was brought to the attention of Delmer Brown, the track coach at East Texas State, who obtained special permission to get Carlos enrolled and in the fall of 1966 had himself a top sprinter.

According to Carlos it all happened under false pretenses. He says he was

told there was no racism in Commerce, Texas, that blacks had decent housing, that he would have tutors, that his rent and medical bills would be paid and that he would get a monthly scholarship check to cover his family's expenses. It turned out quite differently. There were parents who would not let their children play with Carlos' daughter because she was black. He was refused service in a bar. "They called me 'boy,'" he recalls. "I said my name isn't 'boy.' Here's my name, here in the papers." There were no tutors and the housing was poor. And the coaches were still used to calling black athletes "nigger." "In Harlem I wasn't used to doing what people told me to do," says Carlos, "so I didn't make it in Texas."

People in Texas say it wasn't the way Carlos tells it. The man Kim Carlos worked for as a secretary, journalism professor W. J. Bell, says, "John was sinned against in that manual training school. He was never required to learn to read. When he got here we put him in a reading clinic and initially he read only at a first-grade level. After he got to the fifth-grade level he quit. When he left here he was probably failing every course."

Delmer Brown remembers Carlos with much less charity. "After some of his early successes in meets he became obnoxious," Brown says. "Sometimes I had to threaten him to make him work, as I would any athlete—disciplinary threats, not physical threats. He was treated exactly like everyone else, but he let it be known to the team and to me that he wanted special favors." Then, according to Brown, came charges of racism and resentment on the team and finally a meeting of the black trackmen with Athletic Director Jesse Hawthorne. Carlos allegedly did much of the talking, but, according to an athlete who was there, another member of the team finally stood up and said, "The rest of us have decided that nobody is being mistreated and only John is unhappy. We all want to stay, but under the circumstances, if he's not happy then he ought to leave."

Carlos left East Texas State in 1967, enrolling last year at San Jose at the urging of Harry Edwards, who led the proposed Olympic boycott. "Look, man," Edwards told Carlos, "we have something going on at San Jose and you can be sure an athlete is not going to be messed on." Carlos expressed only one

wish he wouldn't have to become involved in the demonstrations.

That Carlos changed and became militantly involved was no surprise. "It was the atmosphere he walked into," recalls Art Simburg, a former San Jose student who is the American representative for Puma track shoes. "The whole place was alive politically. He now had contact with many people who were activists. And as people began to attack [Loe] Evans and Smith, as they started to get hate letters, Carlos realized this was not a personal attack but an attack on black people. To imply any of them were led—Smith, Evans or Carlos—would be an insult. They had minds of their own. And all of them were free."

As a graduate of Harlem, Carlos knew more about prejudice than either Smith or Evans, who both grew up in California grape fields. "I like all kinds of people," Carlos says. "White. Black. Yellow. Red. I don't care. Any kind of people, so long as they're fair to me. But sometimes it just doesn't seem to work."

It worked one afternoon in the office of San Jose Sports Information Director Larry Close. A group of students from a local high school wanted to talk with someone on the black athlete situation. Carlos, who happened to be in the office, volunteered. "What would you like to know?" he asked.

"They were there with their tape recorders," Close recalls, "and when they started asking intelligent questions, John gave intelligent answers. They only teach the one side, they don't teach the other side," the kids said. "How do we get it changed?" Carlos answered, "You have to see your parents and have them go to the schoolteacher to have it changed."

"Then he started talking to these kids about the ghetto, how he grew up. I couldn't believe I was hearing Carlos talk, talking from the heart and soul. It was the first time I had ever heard or seen him like that. Listening to him, I was amazed. And the kids were amazed. After it was over, John walked up to me and said, 'I don't expect people to believe everything I say. All I want is that they listen to me and have an open mind.'"

To Carlos' mind the present is everything. He doesn't think far ahead but is preoccupied with acceptance now and money now—and he is confident that

continued



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JOHN CARLOS *continues*

he can have it all. Although only a sophomore at San Jose, his class at East Texas State graduates next June, making him eligible for the pro draft. "And if they drafted me tonight, I'd sign tomorrow," he says. "And not for neckels. If I'm going to have to get hit, then stitched up, they're going to have to pay me good. Some guys do it for 85 cents. That's too much hurt for junk change like that I can't see it."

It never enters his mind that he may fail in pro ball just as he never doubted from his first days at San Jose that the world records would come day by day. At the time, two summers ago, Carlos measured himself and realized what he could do. "You have never really seen me run," he said one afternoon while visiting Tommie Smith's apartment. Then, looking at Smith's trophies, he said, "You just watch. Someday I'm going to get me that record in the 100. And someday I'm going to get me that record in the 220."

This confidence has not wavered. The night before the Mt. San Antonio Relays in April, he heard that Mike Goodrich, a sophomore from Indiana University, had run the 100 in a 9.2, then the best of the season. Although it was past midnight, Carlos called his coach, Bud Winter. "This is Carlos," he announced, then promised, "I can't let that cat get away with it." Hours later Carlos ran a 9.2 and said he would set a world record the next week. He did, running nine flat, but the mark was disallowed because of an excessive following wind. Again, a week later at the Fresno Relays, Carlos promised that he would set a record and this time he tied it. And yet again, after his win at Villanova, he predicted that he would run the 220 in 19.6, 4 under the world record and the 100 in 8.8 or 8.9.

Yet being at the top is a new role for Carlos, so long the underdog, the victim, and there are those who feel that he doesn't want the part. Winter, who has coached Ray Norton, Smith and Evans, each a world-record holder, taught Carlos high-knee action—some call it the San Jose look—and worked with him on his form. (During Carlos' first high-knee drill at San Jose his form was so terrible that Evans burst out laughing. "You look so bad," he told Carlos. "How do you run so fast?") But although Winter has helped Carlos with the mechanics, he

continues

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JOHN CARLOS continued

hasn't been able to reach Carlos' mind. "As a runner, Carlos hasn't surprised me at all," Winter says. "The first time I saw him go down a track he looked like he was pounding grapes into wine. He looked like he was shuffling. But he always had the potential. Now I say he has the potential to be the greatest ever. As a matter of fact, our goal for him this year is at least five world records—100 yards and meters, 220 yards, 200 meters and a leg on the 880 relay. And if he would work on the 440 he could set track immortality.

"But now it's a psychological game for us to get him to that goal. He's the toughest man I've ever tried to coach. He's one of the strangest men I've ever met. A kaleidoscope. Sometimes he can be so logical, so rational and will say, 'I see your point of view.' And you think you have gotten through to him. But the next day everything may have changed again. The biggest thing now is pressing the right buttons. If we do, John can achieve the greatest results.

"Our problem is that there is in Carlos what we call the will to fail. This role of underdog is so big in his book that sometimes he's afraid to get the world records because he'll no longer be the underdog. It's not that he's afraid of being a champion. He's the most confident person I've seen. He's relaxed. Cocky. When he makes up his mind to do something he's fantastic. He'll work hard for it. He can almost call his shot. When he's convinced, he'll produce.

"But there's a difference between the wish to win and the will to win. The world is full of people who could have broken the world record. Now he tells me he wants the world records next year. But talent is like a windfall. It may never come again."

John Carlos does not worry. Like at Villanova. As the day ended a girl ran up to him and pulled a white silk scarf from her purse. She laid it flat across the victory stand.

"Sign it as large as you can," she said.

"O.K., baby," said Carlos, and he smiled and looked at her.

"You know," she said, "I'm never ever going to wash this scarf again."

"Why's that?" Carlos asked.

"It might wash out," she answered.

"Don't worry, baby," Carlos said. Then he laughed. "Johnny Carlos will never wash out."

AND

We hesitate to call it a poor man's Rolls-Royce.
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If you've always wanted an imitation Rolls-Royce, this isn't it.

This is a genuine Volvo (the new 164) that happens to look very expensive but costs nowhere near \$19,600.

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Last March, the National Alliance of Businessmen was formed to work with the Government on a problem of critical national importance. The Program: J O B S (Job Opportunities in the Business Sector). The Task: to hire, train and retain the nation's hard-core unemployed. To find and fill 100,000 jobs by July 1969; 500,000 by 1971.

They are being hired.

The first year's goal has been reached seven months ahead of schedule! In the nation's fifty largest cities J O B S is progressing at the rate of 20,000 placements per month—*over double the anticipated rate*. At the end of December, 100,000 hard-core workers

were on the job...earning an average of \$2.25/hour.

They are being trained.

Companies are bringing the hard-core into the mainstream of American business by providing the new workers with special training both educational and vocational. And by conducting imaginative "sensitivity" programs to help foremen and supervisors understand the unique problems of the hard-core.

Extra training costs are being shared by Industry and Government. In two-thirds of the cases these costs have been voluntarily absorbed by the individual employers. One-third of participating companies have signed

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are now on payrolls instead of relief rolls.**

contracts with the Department of Labor.

They are being retained.

Two out of every three hard-core workers have remained on the job... better than the normal rate for all entry-level jobs.

Based on this high job retention level and upon the success of the training programs, *97% of employers surveyed said they will continue hiring the hard-core.* They maintain that the J O B S Program is "the most practical way to solve the problem of the hard-core unemployed."

J O B S is still urgent business!

Success to-date has been extremely encouraging. But thousands of the hard-core are still waiting...waiting for the chance to

develop their abilities; waiting to fill industry's growing need for skilled workers.

Special training funds continue to be available through MA-4 contracts with the Department of Labor. Call the National Alliance of Businessmen office in your city for complete details.

The J O B S Program is more than an obligation to the country and to the economy. It's a prime business opportunity for your company.



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Arnold Palmer **Ray-Ban**

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♦ **Ted Williams**, who flew for the Marines during World War II and in Korea, was recently instructed in the mechanics of getting a Boeing 747 airborne. Compared to getting the Senators off the ground, it's a piece of cake.

Dr. Denton Cooley, who has done more heart transplants than anyone else, has agreed to accept a Tennessee Walking Horse in payment for the open-heart surgery he recently performed on a 2-year-old girl. The child's family had no medical insurance, so its physician, Dr. Robert Westbrook, offered Dr. Cooley the mare. "I asked him what should be done with the horse when it arrived in Houston," reports Dr. Westbrook, "and he told me just to park it in front of the hospital and come get him."

The Patriots' **Jim Nance** and former pro basketball player **Wayne Embury**, now director of recreation for the Boston park system, recently risked their necks judging The Great Boston Kite Festival, which was held on the Franklin Park golf course. Some 6,000 kites had to be judged for prizes in 44 categories ranging from the simplicity of "highest flying kite" through "kite that most resembles its owner" to "Gemutlichkite." There were round kites, box kites, plain balloons, a 22-foot Chinese cerise-pedale kite made by the Chen family of Dorchester, a 24-foot "series of pyramids composed of four equal triangles" created by a Harvard physics project team (in flew) and a mess of poles and bedsteads that a U. of Mass. student described as "a sort of triangular box kite with wings" (it didn't). The festival did leave Nance a little stiff in the neck, but he approved. "I had my doubts," he said. "After all, who ever heard of anyone enjoy-



ing flying a kite unless you were a little kid? But there were hundreds of people—old people, rich people and poor people—all out there flying kites. I came away from the day thinking that millions of dollars are being spent trying to promote human relations, and it was done on a golf course in Boston by a lot of people just flying kites."

The Minneapolis Theatre Company is putting on *Julius Caesar*, and Director Edward Call had trouble finding a recording of a crowd shouting "Hail, Caesar!" until Twins President **Cavin Griffin** offered him the use of the Twins' fans. Call accepted, and before a recent game he directed the crowd in the ancient salute, recording it to his satisfaction just in time. The crowd was shouting "Hail!" but what it got was rain.

"He's built like a bull and bellows like one," said the new father, a literary man, soon after his son was born. Forty years later **Patrick Hemingway** is an instructor at Tanzania's College of Africa Wildlife Management. "The present pupils are the men who will save and nurture what is left of Africa's

long-ravaged game population," he says. "They have learned that the wild beasts are not just meat on the hoof but, through tourism, help to provide schools and hospitals while belonging to the lasting beauty of Africa."

Sitting with a glass of gin in one hand and patting his stomach with the other, **Richard Burton** spoke highly of his wife's reducing exercises. "I started doing them with her and I've lost 14 pounds," he said. **Elizabeth** reportedly has gained 28.

♦ For years **Gordie Howe** has vacationed at Homosassa Springs, Fla., where he watches fish, feeds alligators, pets deer. "He is a very gentle man," says the park's PR director. This may come as a surprise to Howe's opponents—and a relief to his fan, **Tiny Tim**, who recently said, deploring violence, that if he were NHL commissioner "players could push each other, but gently."

The Rev. **Robert Richards** is at it again. He has left from California to jog and bicycle across the country in order to promote fitness. Also strength, courage, challenge, clean living, doing the impossible, faith, the American

Dream and, of course, *Wheaties*. "We want to do something dramatic to show a need for fitness," Richards says, but it is not easy to see how demonstrating that you are fit dramatizes the need for fitness. Reverend Bob's one real worry in all of this is said to be "getting bumped off by a car, some kook coming over a hill and not seeing me." Now there is a circumstance that would dramatize the need for fitness.

Dr. Paul Dudley White recently warned that jogging may not be the safest way to fitness, but he is being ignored in Philadelphia by Mrs. **T. Charlton Henry**. Mrs. Henry, who is frequently described in the press as "one of America's last grandmothers," insists upon jogging for half an hour every day and walks four miles as well. She certainly sounds healthy enough, but she should probably pay attention to Dr. White. After all, the man is 83 years old, and Mrs. Henry is only 82.



Forecast: no reign in Spain

With Australia out of the Davis Cup, Spain has the best chance of getting to the Challenge Round, but even so the U.S. should win

A Davis Cup Challenge Round without Australia would seem as improbable as a Jacqueline Susann novel about cooking, yet when the U.S. defends the cup in September, the Australians will not be there. Captain Harry Hopman's team, which had participated in every Davis Cup final since 1937 and which had won the cup 16 times during that stretch, was beaten a fortnight ago in the first round by Mexico—that is, by Rafael Osuna with a little help. That left the U.S. trying to guess who's coming to Cleveland for the 1969 Challenge Round.

A record 51 nations entered this year's play to determine a challenger for the Americans. Even South Vietnam was in there, beating South Korea before los-

ing to Japan. Now there are only 11 teams remaining—Mexico, Spain, Russia, Chile, Brazil, Great Britain, West Germany, Rumania, Italy, India and South Africa.

Of these, the most interesting team is Russia, and it is the Russians that U.S. Cup Captain Donald Dell would most like to see make it. "A U.S.-Russia final would be marvelous for tennis," says Dell. "It would focus worldwide attention on the sport."

Russia, feeling confident enough in its tennis to try the international swirl in 1962, has improved steadily since a 5-0 first round bumping by The Netherlands that year. Alex Metreveli, Tomas Lepus and Sergei Likhachev have carried the U.S.S.R. into the semifinals of European

Zone B against the declining Italians, to whom they lost 3-2 at the same stage last year. Metreveli, a strong, aggressive 24-year-old, gained his first substantial mention in 1968 by bumping off an old czar named Pancho Gonzalez at Wimbledon. Gonzalez had never heard of Metreveli, but the elated Russian had heard of Pancho. "In Russia, Gonzalez is the one tennis name everybody knows," he said.

The Russians, in the European style, prefer slow clay, but Metreveli showed at Wimbledon that he could adapt to a faster surface—grass. Lepus, a 27-year-old blond who holds the Russian singles title, is perhaps the first Soviet athlete to be permitted to travel abroad unescorted. He toured Australia last winter to refine his fast-court game on grass. By the conclusion of the circuit he was playing very well, beating Aussie Cupper Ray Ruffels and losing at 7-5 in the fifth set to the king, Rod Laver, in the New Zealand Open. Likhachev serves as doubles partner to Metreveli.

Politics has done more to win matches for South Africa than its strongest team of Australian transplant Bob Hewitt and Frew McMillan and Bob Maud. Both Poland and Czechoslovakia, protesting *apartheid*, refused to meet the South Africans. Resulting defaults elevated South Africa to the final of European Zone A, to oppose either Britain or West Germany.

Now American tennis officials are beginning to worry. "It could be a big problem if the South Africans got through to the final," concedes W. Hartzout Woods, chairman of the U.S. Davis Cup committee. Woods and others can envision picketing—and worse—in Cleveland, with its large black population and a black mayor, Carl Stokes. Stokes would hardly throw out the first ball, as he did last year for the Interzone match between the U.S. and Spain. There might be pressure on Arthur Ashe to withdraw. He nearly did at the start of the 1968 campaign, as a form of personal protest against South Africa's inclusion in the tournament.

However, Spain, with its M boys—Manolo Santana and Manolo Orantes—is expected to take the U.S. off that hook. The 31-year-old Santana, entitled to be addressed as *Baratino* after being decorated by Generalissimo Franco, continues as an illustrious force in the short-series cup format. At his proudest

continued



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A touch of fancy footwork to step up the old game

A man who goes golfing week after week in the same old brown shoes not only is sticking a wedge in the eye of fashion but may actually be hurting his game. That, at least, is the happy theory behind 1969's color-keyed coordinates. One designer says: "A golfer who looks the part gets a psychological lift that should cut strokes off his game." Amateur Peck Prior, the blue-toned gentleman chatting with Pro Marty Fleckman and Gerry Rodehaver Jr. (left), agrees. Says Prior, "First I decide what shoes I am going to wear—and then I choose the rest of my outfit." Partner Rodehaver also concurs; he has 22 pairs of golf shoes in a range of colors to match his clothes and moods.

This status-shoe situation is coming on strong this season for a couple of reasons: 1) the shoes are a sartorial next step after patterned pants, which are now showing up on courses all around the country; and 2) jazzy shoes are now easier to maintain because of new advances in leather techniques, plus such man-made materials as Corfam. The new shoes all clean easily (one swipe with a clubhouse towel usually does the job). Golfer Prior currently keeps a dozen pairs of colored shoes stashed away in his lockers on both coasts, since he divides his work—and his game—between New York and Los Angeles. When he turns up with new golf togs he often sends a color swatch to Johnston & Murphy and they produce the shoes to match, such as the two-tone ones he wore at the Bob Hope Desert Classic (opposite page). Prior's custom-made shoes come at \$75 a pair, although they can be had for considerably less—or more, depending upon one's financial mood.

AMATEURS Peck Prior and Gerry Rodehaver Jr. Bank Golf Pro Marty Fleckman, and all show mixing—but matching—trend in style.

The people who are stepping out with all these colored shoes say the boom is just getting under way. The Etonic division of the Charles A. Eaton Co. offered 11 different color combinations last year and this season are up to 24. Back in the dark old days of 1964 the division made just one two-toned shoe, and that model was basic black and white. Another manufacturer, Foot-Joy, in spite of the fact that it stands solid with leather ("If you've got it, you'll maintain it"), has tripled its production of colored golf shoes in the past three years. And most of the shoemakers agree that there is one more step still to come.

Since the latest trend in golf slacks is clearly to whites (such as those worn here by Rodehaver or a basic white over-laid with a plaid as worn by Fleckman), the shoes are sure to match the style. Prior put it simply enough: "I went over to pattern-and-white," he says, "because I was getting tired of solid-and-bright." And manufacturers agree. But more than that, white is the color, says one golf-slacks specialist, because "chemical experiments and such technical advances as Dacron, Fortrel and permanent press make white as practical for the golfer as for anyone. The grass stains can come right off now, where the slacks used to be ruined or permanently stained." Thus traditional all-white shoes are still good, with such new touches as the buckles worn by Fleckman. And white-and-one-color combinations, as in Rodehaver's outfit, keep up the pace.

For a final touch, there are such little dandies as matching golf gloves, another traditional item staying up to date, and, who knows, next season maybe watchbands and belts. Remember: there is still no guarantee that coordinated pants and shoes and such things will improve your lie. But they sure can't hurt your stance.

END

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IF IT DOESN'T SAY
GOODYEAR
IT CAN'T BE POLYGLAS



After a terrible start the Astros are moving up fast, thanks mainly to the hitting of minibrute Jim Wynn, the major leagues' tiniest slugger

Big blasts from a toy cannon

Harry Walker, who is the manager of the Houston Astros and the best nonstop, one-way conversationalist in the major leagues, was talking (naturally) about baseball and Army sergeants last week in Pittsburgh when suddenly he stopped. In the stunning silence the usual coterie around Walker scraped nervously, expecting that surely he would say something in response to a question about Jim Wynn, the Astros' little home-run hitter. "No," Walker said, "I don't know what to say about Wynn." And that ended the conversation. The mo-

ment will be remembered as the Pittsburgh Mouthout of 1969.

James Sherman Wynn is baseball's leading mystery. There are 600 players in the major leagues right now, and 581 of them are bigger than Wynn. According to the Astros, Wynn is 5' 9" short and weighs 168 pounds. "That's right," Wynn says, "I'm 5' 9" and weigh 168." He does weigh 168 pounds in his uniform, but subtract at least one inch from his listed height to compensate for Texas exaggeration.

Despite his size, or lack of it, Wynn

somehow hits more home runs than 99% of the other 599 players. He has hit 14 so far this year; only five players have hit more than that. Frank Howard, one of the five, is 10 inches taller and 110 pounds heavier than Wynn. Willie McCovey and Lee May, who lead Wynn in the National League's home-run derby, both are at least six inches taller and 35 pounds heavier.

Last year the minibrute hit 26 home runs and in 1967 he had 37. Wynn has played with Houston for less than five full seasons but he still has hit a total of 126 home runs—more than twice as many as any other Astro. "I just swing the bat," he says, "and I let the wood meet rwhide."

It has not been that easy. Wynn has been confronted with more handicaps than his stature. For one, he plays half his season in the Astrodome, the worst home-run field in baseball. "I've hit about 55 home runs in the Dome, I guess," he said last week, "and they all ask me how I do it. I just tell them that when I come up the wind always blows out. There is wind in the Dome, you know. It's exactly one mph."

Nevertheless Wynn (the Astros all call him the Toy Cannon) is the only player ever to hit three home runs in one game under the Dome and he also is the only player to hit the Dome ceiling with a batted ball during a game. "It went straight up over home plate—just like one of my golf shots," he says.

Jim Wynn always has his longest home runs on the road. For instance, he scored an unusual double in St. Louis. In 1965 he hit a home run against the Busch sign in old Sportsman's Park, and two years later he homered against the Busch sign in the new Busch Stadium. Fittingly enough, Wynn was working for Schlitz at the time. Also in 1967 Wynn hit the longest home run at Crosley Field in Cincinnati. The ball cleared the 58-foot scoreboard in left field and landed on an exit ramp of the Mill Creek Expressway.

Wynn has hit all these home runs despite the fact that pitchers do not really pitch to him. He bats third in the Astros' lineup, and the club never has had a cleanup hitter with home-run power. Consequently, pitchers will walk Wynn even with two men on base, as Jim Bunning did in one game last week, rather than risk giving up a home run. "Jim never sees a fastball anymore," says Joe Morgan, the Astros' second baseman, who preceeds Wynn in the batting order. "They throw him breaking balls

continued



"My men wear English Leather or they wear nothing at all."

"I think men are beautiful.
I've always thought so.

Even when they were unkind to me.
But men are men.

And they need what we can give them.

They need love,
they need understanding,
and they need English Leather.

All my men wear English Leather
or they wear nothing at all."



**“I’d rather have a little
Old Taylor than a lot of
anything else.”**

down and away all the time. If we had someone who could hit even 15 home runs batting fourth, the pitchers would have to give him at least one pitch to hit. But we don't have a No. 4 hitter. Think what Jim could do with a Richie Allen or a Willie McCovey behind him."

To compensate for all that he has going against him, Wynn has developed one of the most lethal home-run swings in baseball. He does not have the strong wrists of a Henry Aaron or a Frank Robinson (Wynn's idol as he grew up in Cincinnati) or a Roberto Clemente, so he does not swing down on the ball. Instead, Wynn cocks his bat with a full extension of his left arm (much like the perfect golfer) and tries to upreccut the pitch. He works his muscular shoulders, arms and legs, all developed through extensive weight-lifting sessions during the off season, under and then up into the ball. Obviously the Wynn technique works.

Manager Walker, who is a superior batting instructor, does not recommend the Wynn method for aspiring hitters. "You don't teach a kid to field like Clemente," Walker said at another time last week when the subject of Jim Wynn did not seem so overpowering to him, "and you don't teach a kid to hit like Wynn. Their styles are peculiar to them."

Walker, who won a batting championship because he hit singles and not home runs, prefers not to discuss home runs with his Toy Cannon. Instead, he watches Wynn hit them, congratulates him and then tries to forget about them. "If he hits a home run that goes 450 feet and we all start to talk about it, then he'll start to think that he should try to hit a 470-foot home run," Walker says. "When he tries to hit that 470-foot home run, he won't hit the ball 400 feet."

Wynn had everything working perfectly last month when he helped revive the Astros after they had made one of the worst team starts in baseball history. Houston won only four and lost 20 of its first 24 games and, while seven of the losses were by one run, some were by scores of 14-0, 12-1 and 10-0. The Astros had serious problems whenever their owner, Judge Hofheinz, looked.

Among other things the paying customers were discouraged by the club's handling of the Rusty Staub trade. The Astros sent Staub to Montreal for what

continued

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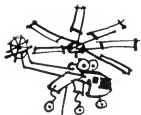
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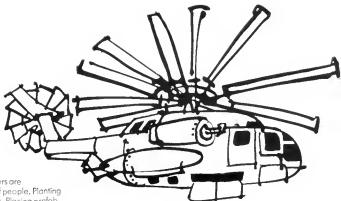


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BASEBALL • continued

Walker hoped would be a competent No. 4 hitter, Donn Clendenon, and a regular outfielder, Jesus Alou, only to have Clendenon refuse to play in Houston. The pitchers the Astros gave instead of a No. 4 hitter were hardly the right substitute. There were other problems, too. The team had lived through three general managers, four field managers, 14 coaches, 155 players, 1,183 games (685 of them losses), two names and two stadiums and, just when they should have been reaching the age of respectability, they were playing like the old Astros.

Then, on May 1 in Cincinnati, Don Wilson, a young Astro righthander who may be the next Bob Gibson, pitched a no-hitter against the Reds just 24 hours after Jim Maloney of Cincinnati had pitched a no-hitter against the Astros. During the Maloney no-hitter, Wilson seethed on the bench while the Reds amused themselves loudly at the Astros' expense. The no-hit victory almost was not enough revenge for Wilson. After the final out he was still so mad he wanted to charge the Cincinnati dugout.

That victory ignited the Astros. They did a complete turnaround in May and won 20 of their 26 games. Larry Dierker, a young Don Drysdale, won five of seven starts, four of them complete games, and Wilson won three games after his no-hitter. The hitters, particularly Wynn, started to hit, too.

Wynn got only two home runs during the month of April. In May he hit 11. His toothpicks began to taste like whipped cream. Before each game Wynn places an all-day toothpick on his bottom lip and rolls it against the left corner of his mouth, where it remains until the end of the game. "Home pitchers tell me they're going to knock the toothpick out of my mouth when I come to bat," he says, "but no one's done it yet and no one's going to do it, either." After the final out of a game, Wynn extracts the toothpick, snaps it in two pieces and throws it away. "I buy toothpicks by the box," he says, "and I carry a supply around with me in my toothpick tube. They got to be round toothpicks. I don't like the square ones at all. They don't sit comfortable on my lip."

Wynn's home-run-production pace probably will increase the rest of the season, because now, at last, the Astros seem to have found some hitters who can work effectively behind him in the batting order. Denis Menke, a smooth

continued

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shortstop, is hitting close to .350. Norm Miller and Doug Rader, two young players who have been a "year away" for the last few seasons, seem finally to have arrived. Twice last week the Philadelphia Phillies elected to walk Menke and load the bases for Rader in the bottom of the ninth inning. The first time that happened Rader hit a grand-slam home run to win the game; the next time he hit a single for the victory.

"Our whole problem," says Walker, "has been growing up. None of the young kids we've got around here, the Dierkers and Wilsons, the Wynns and Raders and Morgans and Millers, ever won a whole lot—either here or down in the minors. So last winter we traded for some players who had been on winners, guys like Johnny Edwards and Curt Blefary, and this has helped the kids. I mean, it wasn't easy to come back after what happened to us in April."

Jim Wynn came back, too. "All I really want are three things," he said. "I want to be a complete ballplayer. I want to make my money. I want to be happy." He is not the complete ballplayer yet. He loafs occasionally when he plays center field and sometimes he does not run out infield flies. When he plays that way, Walker usually meets him at the top step of the dugout with a few dozen well-chosen words.

Wynn is making more than enough money to stock two cases with jazz records (Chico Hamilton recordings in particular) and two closets with the latest Edwardian bell-bottoms, boots and scarves. And he seems happier now that Rusty Staub is playing in Montreal—not Houston.

It seemed toirk Wynn in former years that Staub, a singles and doubles hitter with a good batting average, was the figurehead player on the roster. "They built it all around Rusty, the All-America Boy," Wynn said. "He was there before I was, and it was right. So I just tried to do my job." The job is easier now that Wynn is recognized as King Finger (the expression apparently has great significance for the Astros' players) in Houston.

Ask one of the Houston players to tell you what King Finger means, and he will say: "Jimmy's the man who sneaked the gold from Fort Knox." Ask Harry Walker what that means and he will say, "I don't know what to say about Wynn."

END



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Win or lose in any position

Superstitious players—is there another kind?—try to guess which are the good seats at the table. This deal would drive them crazy

The laws of bridge allow you to pick your seat at the table only if you cut the high card at the beginning of a rubber. However, even if you succeed in winning the cut, you still may not know which seats to choose for yourself and partner. Some players pick the seats that have been losing on the theory that the cards will even up; the majority pick the seats that won the last rubber and are "hot"—maybe. Way back in 1942, the late Playwright George Kaufman had this to say on the subject in his introduction to my book on the play of the cards, *Better Bridge for Better*

ter Players: "As to choice of seats—how to select the winning chairs—that is a matter on which science is now working. . . . For the present I can only say that some highly promising results have been obtained with rabbits. . . . Eventually, I am sure, it will be possible to predict with great accuracy which way the cards will be running on a given afternoon or evening, and when this happens no one will ever lose a rubber. Meanwhile, Sam Fry, who is no slouch of an expert, has suggested that the various bridge clubs post a statement on the bulletin board each day, saying

whether the cards are running North-South or East-West. . . ."

I am very sorry to say that in the 27 years since then, science has not made the progress George had hoped for. But I will make you an offer. You may choose your seat, West or South, on this deal

*Neither side vulnerable
North dealer*

NORTH			
♠	K Q J 9		
♥	Q		
♦	A Q 10 8 2		
♣	A 9 2		
WEST			
♠	8 4 3 2		
♥	A K 6 5		
♦	9		
♣	K J 8 6		
EAST			
	10 6		
	8 7 2		
	K J 6 6 3		
	6 4 3		
SOUTH			
♠	A 7 6		
♥	J 10 9 4 3		
♦	7 4		
♣	Q 10 7		
NORTH		EAST	
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
		PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 2 of spades

Taste that beats the others cold!

that was played in the recent Men's Pair Championship in Cleveland. Would you rather be declarer at three no trump or defend against that contract?

The spade lead is won in dummy and the queen of hearts is returned, but West ducks. If you chose to be declarer but didn't allow for this defense, I'll give you one more chance: play or defend?

The best play by declarer is to cash the ace of diamonds and another of dummy's high spades. Then he comes to his hand with the ace of spades and leads the jack of hearts. Possibly you have considered this play and seen that it is a forlorn hope. All West has to do is win the trick and stick dummy back in with a lead of his last spade. Operating from dummy is hopeless, of course, so no doubt you have elected to defend.

But wait a minute. South can escape being stuck in dummy. He simply discards dummy's high spade when West wins the heart trick! True, this makes West a present of a spade trick, on which South will discard his remaining dia-

mond. But the price for giving up that trick, which South can afford to lose, is that West is compelled to return a heart or a club in the situation shown at right.

If West leads the ace and another heart, South makes two good hearts, discarding all of dummy's diamonds. Next he leads a club, and no matter what West plays declarer must make two club tricks.

Suppose, instead of playing his hearts, West leads a low club. South wins in his hand and forces out the ace of hearts. West is hooked once more. If he gets out with another club lead, South will make an overtrick—three clubs, three hearts, three spades and a diamond.

So, if you elected to sit South you were right after all. Right? Not so fast. At the point shown in the diagram, no less a star than Alvin Roth offered to bet a quarter on the defense. His ingenious play: don't lead the little club, lead the king! When declarer wins in dummy, he can't get off without leading a diamond—fatal, of course—or a



club, which sets up two club tricks for West before his ace of hearts can be knocked out. West collects a spade, two hearts and two clubs and down South goes!

Ready to pay off? Don't. Roth lost his quarter. South makes his contract by using the same devilish play in clubs that he did in the spade suit. First, he lets West's king of clubs hold! Then he wins the next club in his hand, leads the 10 of hearts and discards the ace of clubs from dummy! South's remaining high club provides the entry to the good hearts.

Obviously there's considerably more to bridge than merely knowing which way the cards are running. They seemed to be going both ways this time. **END**



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The last leg is the toughest

From any point of view—that of ordinary fans caught up in the promise of a Triple Crown or the attitude of traditionalists who will not consider a horse a champion until he wins at the classic distance of a mile and a half—this week's 101st Belmont Stakes has absolutely everything. The ingredients include Frank McMahon's undefeated Majestic Prince, winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, trying to pull off the first Triple in 21 years; Arts and Letters, narrowly beaten by the Prince in both the first two classics; Dike, third in the Derby but now rested and fresh for what is expected to be a top effort at his best distance; and not too many lesser lights to clutter the field. If one is looking for another Cavan, Celtic Ash or Sherlock in this race, the most logical upsetter is Rooney's Shield, a son of Sword Dancer who was coming on fast at the end of last week's Jersey Derby. He finished the mile and an eighth third behind Al Hattab and Ack Ack, neither of whom is going to attempt the Belmont.

After all the commotion during the last two weeks over Majestic Prince and the question of would-be-run-or-wouldn't-be, sentimentalists will be rooting for him to achieve what no other colt has been able to do since the afternoon of June 12, 1948 when Citation became the eighth horse in history to capture the Triple Crown. History, however, also shows that the odds are against the Prince being able to become the ninth this Saturday. Others since Citation have come to the Belmont with two legs on the three-sided trophy and stumbled, for some reason, in this grueling test. Some, like Carry Back, Northern Dancer and Kauai King, probably weren't 12-furlong horses to begin with. Tam Tam probably was but he broke down in the 1958 Belmont in which he nonetheless had courage enough to hang in second to Cavan.

None of these near-miss horses came to their Belmonts with the spotless (9-for-9) record that accompanies Majestic Prince to this week's race. Inasmuch as he has never been beaten, who

is to say whether he can or cannot go a mile and a half just as well, if not better than, Arts and Letters or Dike? He has proven his capabilities as a runner with great speed and yet one who can be rated. If he tends to loaf a bit on the lead, he also has the tenacity to fight back like a tiger when close to defeat. Different running surfaces don't faze him, and in the hands of Bill Hartack he has a competitor to match his own spirit. How then can Majestic Prince be beaten?

If he can be at all, it would seem that the only way is for Hartack to be prevented from dictating the way the race is run, as he did so masterfully in both the Derby and the Preakness. In other words, if rival jocks take back behind a slow pace and wait for Hartack to make his run, the track might as well dish out the silverware at the quarter pole, because Hartack is going to be sitting on a horse who can knock off a half mile in 45 seconds. Some horse in this Belmont has got to try to get away from Majestic Prince and make the Prince really run at him for a change. And I mean get away by five or six lengths, not just one. Manuel Ycaza figured this out in the Derby and tried it. The trouble was, when he attempted to run away from Majestic Prince with Top Knight he discovered he hadn't the horse to get the job done.

Claiborne Farm's Dike is a real one-run come-from-behind colt with no early speed to speak of, but Arts and Letters is a natural speed horse and one who proved it to any disbelievers last week when he beat 10 older horses in covering the Metropolitan Handicap's mile in 1:34. For all his hard campaigning, Arts and Letters—who is little by comparison with Majestic Prince—somehow manages to look better every day. They say a good big horse will beat a good little horse nearly every time. But Elliott Burch, who trains Arts and Letters for Paul Mellon, says, "If he's ever going to beat Majestic Prince, now's the time." Triple Crown sentiment aside, I agree. **END**



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A Susi Queue to



Now York

Planned to leave the Empire State Building are racers Jerry Cooke, Miss Scribner and Bob Ottum, while their ambulance crew waits below. After a death-defying run they board a helicopter for Kennedy airport, belly up into a Boeing 707 through a secret passage to the flight deck, where Susi's pilot father awaits, then take off for London. Ottum catches a nap against the rigors of the dawn

PHASE 1. PLAN WISELY

It did not have the feel of hysteria at the start. Everything was calm and low-key and innocent. In this red-velvet restaurant at Seventh Avenue and 51st Street in Manhattan there was Pan American Airways Captain Kimball J. Scribner raising his martini and saying the fateful words, "No way we can lose this race. No way." Even that part was innocent, since airline pilots are permitted to drink if they promise not to pilot

anybody anywhere for the next 24 hours, and the captain was between flights. So the Sixth Avenue Racing Team drank to winning.

This was our last plotting session before flying to London in the *Daily Mail* Transatlantic Air Race. The captain had announced cheerily that the jet stream would be waiting up there to kick us across to London in record time. "The computer found it," he said, winking wisely over his prime rib. "The Pan Am computer knows all. It tells us that the jet stream will be at 27,000 feet on Thursday night. Now, if I request 27,000 feet I'll get it because I am a senior pilot and nobody else can have it, right? We'll fly optimum all the way over. At the London end we'll zoom right in, no waiting. Never mind how, I can arrange that, too."

The plan was beautiful in its simplicity. As sure winners we would pick up prizes of \$21,000 or more. There would be a gala awards banquet in London—black tie, of course. Prince Philip, of



London

Two men and a girl did their devilish best for the U.S. in the Great Transatlantic Air Race, and while there was fun for all, the money went to Susi Scribner by BOB OTTUM

course. Champagne and balloons and glory. We shook hands and agreed to meet the next day at the Pan Am terminal at Kennedy airport to practice sneaking on the plane. Not everyone goes aboard a Boeing 707 by climbing up through a secret hatch in the belly of the plane, then slips out through the rest room to take his seat.

PHASE 2: READ YOUR MAIL

Naturally you do not just go off and win an international air race on nickels and dimes. People have to be hired. They have to be fired, if possible. No effort would be spared, in fairness to London's *Daily Mail*, which had started this whole thing. A savvy, gaudy newspaper with a circulation of better than two million. Black headlines in ink that comes off on your fingers. Cheesecake. Vivid writing.



Vivid promotion, too. It was the *Daily Mail* which produced the RAF pilots Alcock and Brown as winners of its first transatlantic air race, in 1919. Winners in the only plane to finish—not too many were out over the waves in 1919.

Four years ago the *Mail's* idea man, Peter Bostock, jumped up at a staff meeting and said something like, "I say, here is a smashing idea. 1969 will be the 50th anniversary of our first great air race. Let's sponsor another one, chaps!" The contest would be international and all that, but everyone knew the *Mail* expected an Englishman to win.

There would be none of this routine takeoff-to-touchdown scoring. Bostock decided. This one would run from the top of the Empire State Building in Manhattan to the top of the General Post Office tower in central London. Or vice versa. It was diabolical. It was fiendish in its scope. So naturally 390 people from 10 countries entered right away. Plus one chimpanzee and one turtle.

Bostock found sponsors all over the

world, winding up with \$137,400 in prize money for 21 classes. Certain rules were made. Do not break any aerial laws, said one. Do not break any traffic or hoisting laws, said another. Little things. "We must play fair," said Bostock.

PHASE 3: CHEAT SCIENTIFICALLY

On the afternoon of our escapade, Captain Scribner strolled into the Pan Am terminal looking at once jazzi and sneaky in his stripes and braid. There was a young girl with him, one with big eyes, a bright smile, her hair parted in the middle. She was wearing mod sunglasses and rings on several fingers. The captain looked all around to make sure

continued



SUSI QUEUE continued

nobody was listening and hissed, "This is my daughter Susi."

Susi sort of wriggled and said, "The kids in school will never believe this."

Susi is 17 and had entered in the class for unsponsored contestants flying via a regularly scheduled airliner. I had entered in the sponsored class, and so had another gentleman we'll be coming to. We figured Susi for first in her class and one of us for first in ours—and a take that could shake 'em back at the office. Susi had been selected on the basis of her charm, poise, cuteness and overall demeanor. Ah, yes, and her daddy, who would fly the team to London.

The master plan had sprung from the Machiavellian mind of Jerry Cooke, a noted photographer, dashing *bon vivant*

and world traveler whose sideburns are insured for several thousand dollars. Just before takeoff *The New York Times* brought us the unsettling news that the Catholic Church had devalued several saints, including Christopher, the patron of travelers.

"It is nossing, dollink," Cooke said, pretending an accent he doesn't have. He unbuttoned his shirt to show his religious medal on a golden chain. On it was the likeness of Czar Nicholas I or II of Russia.

Well, the captain led us downstairs in the terminal and out a basement door to where several planes were parked. He motioned us under one, we all doubled over and followed him around the nose wheel and under the belly. "Now, look here," he said, and pointed up.

There was a little hatch, not much more than a foot square. Someone inside the plane made a click and it fell open. A tattered sleeve or two later we were up in the cabin.

"That crawway is awful," said Susi. "Look, I'm all dirty."

PHASE 4 BEAT THE BRITISH AT THEIR OWN GAME

The air race was to run for one week, from one Sunday to the next. The Sixth Aventure Racing Team held back first

to see how the early entries did it, and second, "because the jet stream's not ready yet," said Scribner. But it was obvious plenty early in the week that the race was going to be won on the ground. There was an awful lot of clever rushing around in motorcycles, in racing cars and helicopters to get between the two buildings and the planes. The early contestants were also doing a lot of crafty things—slightly illegal things that we had been thinking about doing ourselves. Those cheats.

"One thing they haven't thought of," said Cooke. "We shall have ourselves snatched from the top of the Empire State Building in a wicker basket lowered by winch from a hovering helicopter. How's that?"

"Lovely," said Scribner, who used to be a boy parachutist and once had his picture taken falling out of a plane, thumbing his nose at the camera. "But, no. The FAA won't let us."

Meanwhile, the military jets went out in front right away, as expected. Eng-

London

Having journeyed by chopper from Heathrow airport to a barge on the Thames, the Americans scramble into a launch . . . from which they leap to the dock, Ottavio landing first. Waiting are three motorcycleists to get them through London's traffic on the last dash to the GPO check-in—where Susi learns she has won \$5,000. Bob and Jerry? Zero.



lishmen, of course. The U.S. Air Force, which has no sense of humor, declined to enter. Anyway, military was a separate class. It was the civilians who worried us.

Peter Hammond worried us the most, Englishman, naturally. Hammond started on the first Sunday. He elevated down from the 86th floor of the Empire State, jumped behind a motorcycle rider, sputtered off crosstown to the 30th Street heliport, coptered to Kennedy and climbed on BOAC's regularly scheduled Flight 500 to London. Next thing anybody knew, he had popped out of the elevator on the 33rd floor of the GPO tower and punched in six hours, 54 minutes, 56.00 seconds.

"Something fishy there," mused Cooke. "No way he could have done it that fast." But the captain shrugged at the time.

"I tell you we can beat it," he said. "We'll have this tail wind pushing us right into London. Don't worry."

"We had better find out what Ham-

mond did on the London end," Cooke said.

We have these London correspondents, Gwyl Brown and Lavina Scott-Elliott. Those are their real names, this is a true story. Gwyl worries a lot about his golf grip and Lavina is starting a collection of thumbtacks, but any way they are the sort of people who can get a lot done.

"Hammond used a helicopter and motorcycle on this end," said Gwyl over the transatlantic phone.

"Probably broke every traffic law in town," Cooke said.

"And not only that, he landed the damned copter on the Thames not far from Waterloo Bridge. . . ."

"On the Thames?"

"On a barge in the Thames."

Cooke thought about it and sighed. "We had better set up the same thing," he said. We all looked at each other.

"But, Jerry, it will cost an awful lot of money."

Cooke shrugged grandly. "So it costs a few hundred dollars. So we simply pay back all our expenses off the top of our winnings and we're still rich." Everyone nodded brightly at that and Cooke turned back to the phone. "Better lay on the same setup for us," he said. "Charge everything. Hire a helicopter. Hire some motorcycles with Bells Angels-type drivers. Uh, how far is it

from the Thames to the GPO tower?"

"Oh, a couple of miles," said Gwyl.

"Hmm. Better make sure they're potential lawbreaking cyclists. Wait a minute! Could we hire some police motorcycles?"

Gwyl sighed. "Are you kidding?"

"Well, then. Can the police be fixed?"

"By an American contestant?"

"No, I thought not," Cooke said.

"Well, can we eliminate the motorcycles entirely and be lowered in a wicker basket from a helicopter directly on top of the GPO tower?" Cooke has this thing for wicker baskets.

"Against the rules."

"Can we land on the Waterloo Bridge?"

"Absolutely not."

"O.K., then. How do we get from this barge on the Thames to the shore where the cycles will be waiting?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Gwyl. "I'll think of something. Maybe I'll rent a rubber life raft and we'll paddle across. Goodbye."

continued



SUSI QUEUE continued

PHASE 5: ONCE YOU HAVE PUNCHED THE CLOCK—GO!

Race night came all too fast.

Susi kissed her father goodbye at the Pan Am terminal. "I'll see you in the cockpit tonight," she cried brightly. "I'll rise up out of the floor."

"Shhh!" said Scribner. "I don't even know you."

The Sixth Avenue Racing Team rallied at the bottom of the Empire State Building. Susi was wearing gray bell-bottoms, a bandanna, the rings, the big, mod sunglasses and leather-soled shoes.

"No," we said. "They won't do."

Cooke and I were already wearing sneakers. We bought Susi a pair at Ohrbach's across the street. Then we bought her a hamburger to calm her down, and two pre-race drinks of Scotch to fortify ourselves, and went up the elevators to the observation tower.

Manhattan was spread out blackly 86 floors below us, and the night wind was blowing so hard around the tower platform it made the city lights seem all soft and gently focused. The air was heady with the smell of victory.

• 9:30 p.m. "Now, let's go over the plan again," said Cooke, who was attired tastefully in a black ski parka lined with maroon satin and a tan whipcord cap and had a discreet little Nikon camera dangling from his neck.

We had enlisted the help of George Bloodgood, SI's picture editor, and several aides. They huddled with us, bristling with cameras.

"First," said Cooke, ticking the items off on his fingers, "we are booked on Pan American Airways' 10 p.m. regularly scheduled Flight 104 to London. As passengers. . ."

"I get the special rate," said Susi. "Daddy. . ."

"Shhh. Now, secondly, we must make it to London—to the top of the GPO tower—in less than six hours, 54 minutes, 56 seconds to beat Hammond's time. This. . ."

"Daddy can do it," said Susi.

Cooke scowled at everyone. "Please," he said. "Pay attention. Now, then, you will observe that if one is going to grab the 10 o'clock flight to London, one

should be leaving this building right now—that is, assuming he is going to catch a copter to JFK and board the plane in the regulation manner. So look." He turned and pointed to the clock.

Two contestants stepped up on the platform, punched their timecards, wheeled in unison and sprinted for the elevator, while building guards yelled, "Look out! Contestants! Contestants!" Sightseers shrank back in alarm.

Now we were the only ones left.

Susi blinked. "Are they on our flight?"

"Don't worry," Cooke said. "They are on BOAC's 10 o'clock flight to London, which takes off same time we do. But you will note that they have punched out and we have not. Simple arithmetic tells us that the clock is running on them and not on us. Thus, when we check out we will have gained 10 minutes or more on them. It will be time we shall need at the other end. . ."

One of our helpers called over from the pay telephone, where she was holding an open line to Captain Scribner, who was ready to go at Pan Am. "The captain says the passengers are on board and they are about to close the plane doors," she said. "You have been counted as being on board. Better stand by!"

• 9:55 p.m. "Where we gain the time," Cooke said, ushering us to the platform, "is that those other contestants must dash in through the terminal to the regular gate and go in through the door of the plane, whereas we will come in through the belly of the plane after it has taxied away from the loading area."

"Ugh," said Susi.

"Take your places!" Bloodgood yelled.

• 9:58:24 p.m. We punched out on the clock and wheeled and ran for the elevators. "Contestants!" yelled Cooke in a terrible roar they could have heard in the Russian Tea Room uptown. Bloodgood whipped into the elevator with us and we were off.

"When we get off at the ground floor," said Cooke, "we turn right and run out the revolving doors onto 34th Street. The ambulance will be waiting across the street, engine running."

Then the doors hissed open and we all spilled out like the Flying Wallendas

and turned right. The guard held up both hands.

"Left! Left, you idiots!" he yelled.

Everybody turned in their tracks in a blur of crashing bodies and cameras, bumps and little yips of pain. We ran the other way out the doors into the cool night of Manhattan. Pedestrians recoiled.

And there it was: that beautiful ambulance. Another key part of our plan. The engine was running, its doors were open and the emergency light was swirling around and around on the roof, painting cars and the street all around it in revolving streaks of red. Two ambulance men were out in the middle of 34th Street in their white coats, holding out their arms, stopping traffic. There was the slam of brakes and the bleat of horns. "Come on," they yelled.

The driver jammed into gear and hit the gas just as the doors slammed. For one terrible instant the tires screamed and gave off bursts of bluish smoke and then the ambulance slashed suddenly ahead into the traffic. The driver flicked on the siren and began pounding the horn. We started a wild slalom through traffic, hitting the brakes and skidding crazily sideways at intersections, running red lights whenever possible.

"Wow," said Susi. "This is groovy."

Cooke leaned forward and tapped lightly on the window beyond which Bloodgood was sitting frozen between the driver and his assistant. "You all right, George?" he asked.

Bloodgood nodded stiffly, but did not look back. "Can't talk now," he yelled. "I'm the only guy in the front seat with his eyes open."

And then there was our helicopter, its rotors turning fast, half-tilted up on its toes as though it was having trouble staying on the ground. We doubled over and sprinted into it. As the door shut, it rose into the air.

(Back on the ground a cop was interviewing Bloodgood, we learned later, and such was the magic of George's innocent blue eyes that he let him off with just a couple of small summonses that set him back only \$50.)

• 10:10 p.m. The copter dropped down at the Port Authority landing pad at Ken-

continued

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SUSI QUEUE

medy. As it settled to earth we could see the Pan American representative—cleverly disguised as a civilian—waving us toward the International Scout parked at the gate. We doubled over and ran to it.

"Captain Scribner has pulled away from the gate," the Pan Am man said. "And he's turning to taxi out for take-off. Now, you know what to do. I'll drive right out there among the planes and I'll blink my lights and the captain will blink his lights and . . ."

"Wow," said Susi.

" . . . and I'll pull up right under the nose of the airliner. You must run under the plane from directly in front of the nose because he has all engines turned on. . . ."

We all looked at each other significantly.

" . . . and into the hatch. And you're on your own. Have a nice flight."

"Thanks," we said.

The airliner loomed up like a gigantic, silver monster out on the runway, away from the comforting lights of the terminal. There was a blurred impression of its wing lights blinking on and off, then the Scout skidded to a stop under the nose. We clambered out and ran single file under the belly.

There was a click and the little hatch opened. A pair of disembodied hands reached down and snatched us up, one at a time. There was the crawl through the passageway in almost total darkness this time—and, finally, a step up to the flight deck. We stood up stiffly, aching.

"Hi, Daddy," said Susi.

Captain Scribner didn't look. But the back of his neck turned a little red.

"Out, out!" growled the engineer. He opened the compartment door. The entrance to the forward rest room was open, as planned, and the two of them formed a screen. One by one we slipped in. We were jammed up tightly, all grinning sort of goofily, when we heard the other door slam.

"Now, then," we hissed. "Walk out one at a time. Act casual."

"Oh, sure," said Susi. "I always share a rest room with two strange men."

As we filed out the stewardess smiled

sweetly and showed us to our seats. The huge jet engines were revving up for take-off. "Fasten your seat belts, please," she said. And then, "Welcome to our little flight. Is there anything I can get for you?"

"Why, yes," said Cooke. "Now that you mention it, I'd like a double Scotch."

PHASE 6: BEWARE OF BREAKDOWNS IN THE FINAL SECONDS OF THE RACE

Somewhere out over the Atlantic, the 707 winging along smoothly while most of the passengers were dozing fitfully, the voice of Captain Scribner came on the cabin loudspeaker. He was making a routine announcement, but the message was clearly aimed at us.

"Our flying time to London," he was saying, "will be six hours." Then his voice took on a cheery note. "But we may go a little faster than that because of the winds aloft. We shall be flying from 25 up to 27,000 feet."

Cooke looked over and nodded. "Jet stream," he whispered.

Later on Scribner came out back to the cabin. He looked around. All the other passengers seemed to be asleep, so he bent over and gave us the run-down. "We have clearance up to 29,000 feet," he said. "And that other 10 o'clock flight, the BOAC, is restricted and must stay behind me. So we've got the air we want, and as of 12:50 a.m. we are four minutes ahead of him and gaining steadily. Now, you add that time to the 10 or more minutes you already have on those BOAC contestants and . . ."

"And we're in the money."

"I exactly. On this flight plan we should pick up 10 minutes on BOAC overall. We are now making more than 700 miles an hour ground speed. On the London side we'll drop to 27,000 feet and run straight in because it's faster. . . ."

"What about that good ol' jet stream?"

The captain winced a bit. "Well," he said, "It turns out that the goddam jet stream has moved farther south tonight. Don't know why, it's just one of those things. If we run farther south to catch it, it only means we'll have to come back north to get into London and we won't have gained anything."

"But we gotta have that time."

"We're doing the best we can," he said. "Maybe we'll still catch a little edge of it."

● 1:34 a.m. Scribner on the speaker. "We are still making 700 miles an hour and we should be in the London area in approximately 50 minutes. We have picked up a small piece of the jet stream, which is adding 75 miles an hour to our speed."

Then the big 707 began to nose down into London, coming in steeply and fast until we could see bright green lawns and chimneys below. We began wrestling back into our racing bibs—orange Day-Glo affairs marked with the words "*Dool's Mail Transatlantic Air Race Competitor*."

"Not enough," Cooke said, checking his watch. "As of this very minute, we have only 23 minutes to get to the GPO tower."

"It's not enough," said Susi. "Uhh, is it?"

The plane touched down smoothly at 9:33 a.m. London time—just seven minutes ahead of its scheduled time. The Pan Am representative started screaming at us before the cabin door opened. "Come on. Come on!" he yelled. We spilled out into the companionway, blinking. "This way," he yelled, and disappeared around a corner at a dead run. He moved in a special way on that slippery, waxed tile floor, picking his feet up high and slapping them down full-foot. No heel-and-toe stuff. Ahead, the corridor stretched down to infinity, dim in the distance. Still running, he turned to us and panted, "Give me your passports and customs forms. Fast. I'll rush them through." We handed them over, breathing heavily, our jaws slack and our eyes starting to roll in our heads. Except for Susi. She was saffling along on all that 17-year-old power, giggling and looking around.

Down a ramp, around a corner, into the busy main terminal. There were flash impressions: A huge crowd of people, recoiling and staring in alarm. "It's those crazy air racers. Look out." And, "What in the world is *this*?" "They're *Americans*, my dear, pay no attention to them."

Ahead of us, the Pan Am man fanned

continued



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SUSI QUEUE continued

out all three passports in front of the immigration man, who stamped them pow-pow-pow. We smiled at him, our mouths so dry that the smiles remained stuck somewhere up on our teeth, and wheeled out through the front door. A few feet away a Pan Am station wagon was waiting, engine running and doors open. More flash impressions: slashing around curves, under bridges, knifing through traffic. And suddenly, there was the helicopter. Running.

We slammed the doors and it took off steeply. Sitting there was Lavinia—cool and pretty, a scarf tied around her head. She looked at us and raised her eyebrows ever so slightly, then reached down and began handing out crash helmets. "Here," she said. "Put these on. You'll need them."

"They're keen," said Susi.

"Mmmmmph," said Cooke, regretting that lost wicker basket.

It was overcast; London flashed beneath us in a grayish blur. The Thames came up under the copter, snaking its way into town. The pilot said, "Will you please get your knee out of the controls. I simply can't fly if you don't get your knee out of the controls." He was talking to Cooke, who was half-turned in his seat, shooting pictures. Then the pilot said, "There's the tower."

We stared at it: 36 stones tall, round, with a revolving restaurant on top, looking like a reject from the New York World's Fair.

"Where's the barge?" the pilot said, dropping the copter heavily and swinging it over the river. Lavinia leaned forward and pointed down.

Oh, God, it was roughly in the middle of the river, way out from shore. The top of one hatch, about 10 feet square, had been painted silver. Great landing pad. One false move and you're right in there with the coal. There was an oldtime motor launch tied alongside, and its skipper, in a suit and tie, was standing at the wheel, leaning back and looking up at us. The name of the motor launch was the *Guppy*. And that tells it all.

Going across the river we sat on top of the deckhouse. "When you jump off at the pier, turn right and up the gang-

continued



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SUSI QUEUE

way," Gwll had instructed. "The motorcycles will be waiting there on the street."

The *Gomps* shouldered against the post and hands reached out to snatch us off, we wheeled right, up the gangplank—and a woman suddenly jumped out to block our path. "Over the wall," she yelled. "It's closer." So we scrambled over this old brick wall. As we stuck our heads up we could see the three cycles waiting. The drivers were rapping the engines loudly with that irritable cough that powerful motorcycles make. They were all looking back over their shoulders at us. They were in black leather jackets with studs all over them, in black pants and boots. They wore white *Dona Patrol* scarves, a nice touch.

I grabbed mine by his front pockets and he blazed away in a little wheeler. In a second all three cycles were weaving through traffic, engines spitting loudly and kicking the sound back at us from the buildings all around.

Traffic was heavy, pedestrians kept jumping out of the way with that dignified little hop peculiar to London. When we came to traffic lights the drivers would walk the cycles between oncoming cars, bringing everyone to a screaming stop.

Then it happened. My driver hunched his shoulders and leaned the cycle far over into a fast left turn. Very neat, I leaned back and glanced up at the street sign. It was a one-way street, and we were going the wrong way. It was one of those annoying little things that will happen. There was a truck coming right at us, for one thing.

My driver wrenched the handlebars savagely and we missed the front fender miraculously. I got a quick glimpse of the driver leaning forward with his mouth twisted in an Olde English curse. Then the cycle caromed off the side of the truck. I put my hand out to ward it off, as if I could actually have done it, my wrist slammed against the paneled side and I had a quick impression of my watch sort of exploding. The wrench of it pulled my arm back, and when I got the arm around in front again the watch was gone and there was a small scrape along my thumb. No matter. We

continued

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SUSI QUEUE *continued*

would charge the watch to the Sixth Avenue Racing Team when we got all that money. The motorcycle skittered over to one side in a neat little dance step, the driver thrust out one foot and sort of kicked and yanked the machine upright when it hit the curb. Then around two more corners and up an alley and there was the GPO tower, looming tall and round. There was Gwil, standing on the steps in a raincoat, looking calm.

"Get off, dummy," he yelled. Then he wheeled and sprinted into the building.

The elevator had gone; I stood there and looked at the indicator blinking off the floors up to 33 and slowly back down again.

"It's Susi," said Gwil. "She just ran at a second before you."

Great. There was one winner kicked home. Then the elevator doors slid open and Gwil shoved me inside. "Got!" he yelled. "I'll go hunt for Cooke."

At the top the place was knee-deep in television cables, spectators and *Darby Marl* types. Up to the time clock and click! It was all over.

There was a brief glimpse of Susi before the newsmen closed in on her, asking questions and taking pictures. She was all big-eyed and smiling prettily.

"Hi," she said to me. "I've got six hours, 55 minutes and 48.43 seconds. I think I'm a winner."

"Of course you are, my dear," said Cooke. He had just checked in and he was now trying to look very continental and rested. His motorcycle had gotten lost and had finally taken the scenic-tour route to the tower. "Let's see, now. I'm afraid that the rest of us are slightly off the pace." He looked at me. "What's your time?"

"From the top of the Empire State to the top of this tower in six hours, 57 minutes, 24.39 seconds."

Cooke calculated on the back of an old matchbook cover. "That is two minutes and 28.39 seconds over Hammond's time," he said. "And has just cost us something like \$12,000."

"But two minutes is close—right? I mean, for crossing the Atlantic and all."

After all, figuring 18 miles from the

Empire State Building to Kennedy, 3,427 miles across the Atlantic and 19 miles to the GPO tower, we had averaged 499 miles an hour for the whole thing.

PHASE 7 HAVING LOST, FIGURE OUT SOMETHING TO TELL EVERYBODY BACK HOME

Leaving Susi to calculate her winnings, Jerry and I did a postmortem over lunch.

Let's see. We had lost on the little things. One, the little old jet stream was not where the computer had said it would be and our flying time had been routine, not record. Two, the *Gloper* was too slow. All the available speedboats had been cleverly hired. Three, everybody had a better motorcycle route than we did, plus people stationed with red flags all along the line to stop traffic. Wish we had thought of that. And the run-in with the truck had cost precious seconds. Still. . .

"We are," said Cooke, "the fastest Americans to finish in our class."

That brightened everybody. We all ransed our glasses. "To the fastest American team!" This ragged little cheer brought the waiter, so we ordered some wine.

"Of course," said Gwil, "you understand there is no prize money for that category."

"No. But it's something to tell them back at the office."

PHASE 8 GIVE UP GRACIOUSLY

It would be nice and clean and warming and noble to report that honesty is the best policy and that virtue always triumphs and all that. But no.

We stayed on in London until the contest ended Sunday night and discovered that everyone had cut corners a little but on the rules, everyone cheated a bit here and there. Where is justice?

Hammond continued to lead until Sunday night, in fact, he had flown back to New York again and had made a second attempt on Saturday—succeeding in cutting his time by only 55.93 seconds to six hours, 54 minutes, 07 seconds. And that was with "special help" from London air traffic control.

Then late in the evening along came

continued

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SUSI QUEUE continued

Ken Holden, a gaunt, trembling man in a buggy flight suit. He had punched out at the Empire State Sunday at 9:42 a.m., made it to JFK in 15 minutes through light traffic to catch TWA's Flight 702. There had been a little fancy footwork at the takeoff area when the TWA plane deliberately jockeyed in front of a Qantas Airways plane which also carried some contestants. But Holden came through in six hours, 48 minutes, 33.88 seconds to take it all.

Publicity Man Bostock came up to the top of the tower and plucked nervously at Holden's sleeve.

"You're English?" said Bostock.

"No," said Holden, "I'm Irish."

Bostock stepped back. "Oh, my God," he said.

All right, then. One of the Sixth Avenue Team members had won and we were still the winning American entry in our class. Only five Americans in all the classes finished in the money, and in the puh across the street there was dark talk among them of fixing. But Susi went over to the Royal Garden Hotel in a cute little middress—and guess how big her eyes were when they gave her a check for \$6,000. Susi also got to meet Prince Philip, who was enchanted. Cooke and I went home.

The next one of these air races will be in the year 2019. Let's see, now. Susi will be 67 years old then and Cooke and I, . . .

Forget it. We've been to London. Nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to race there.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

For Cincinnati (4-1) reliever Clay Carroll, Memorial Day was worth remembering. Not only did the right-hander win the team's Indianapolis 500 pool and score his second victory of the week by pitching three scoreless innings, in the 10th inning against St. Louis he hit his first big-league home run to give the Reds the game. "You should have seen Clay come into the dugout," said Manager Dave Bristol. "His smile looked like a cut watermelon." The rest of the Reds were as loathly as they stretched their winning streak to nine games and closed to third place, 3½ games out of the Western Division lead. The batters averaged .300. Lee May set a record by hitting six homers in three games and Bristol won a game by ordering slow runners Tony Perez and Johnny Bench, on third and first, to steal. Perez responded to the daring maneuver by lumbering home with the deciding run as the stunned opponents finally tossed the ball erratically back and forth across the infield. With rare RBIs from Andy Kosco and complete game wins from Bill Singer, Don Sutton and Claude Osteen, who have now pitched 21 of the Dodgers' 28 victories, Los Angeles (4-1) edged within a half game of first San Diego (4-1) pitching never allowed more than two runs as Al Santorum and Joe Niekro threw complete games and Jack Baldwin prepped up his fifth relief victory without a loss. Baldschun's win came on rookie John Spivey's first major league homer. Houston's (3-3, page 78) winning streak ended at 10 games, but not before Doug Rader's ninth-inning grand slam and 10th-inning single proved decisive in two consecutive games. Orlando Cepeda of Atlanta (2-4) faced his old Cardinal teammates for the first time and knocked in the winning

run in both of the Braves' victories against the defending champs. San Francisco (1-4) dropped to fourth place amid rumors that the Giants were trying to unload Jim Hart, who averaged 28 home runs his first five seasons but is homerless this year and one of the least surehanded outfielders in the league. Don Young, a .216 batter, was hit and then got a hit to help Chicago (4-1) to two straight wins and a 7½ game Eastern Division lead. The pitch that struck Young and kept a winning rally going came in the seventh inning of a scoreless game. The next time out, Young's ninth-inning single knocked in the deciding run after the two hitters in front of him had been purposely walked. New York (4-1) put together a four-game surge with excellent pitching from both starters and relievers. Jerry Knosman and Tug McGraw combined for a four-hit, 11-inning, 16-strikeout shutout, and then Tim Lincecum and Ron Taylor matched up in a five-hitter. The next day McGraw helped Gary Gentry to another five-hitter in which Ed Charles, averaging only .141, knocked in all four Mets' runs. Pittsburgh (3-3) hit .341 and pulled off the season's first triple play, but still lost three times because its starters were hit hard. So-called ace Steve Blass, Bob Veale and Bob Moose allowed 27 hits and 13 runs in 12½ innings pitched as the Pirates lost 10-4, 7-6 and 9-6. Shaky relieving by youngsters Billy Wilson, Luis Perez, Barry Lersch and Gary Wagner cost Philadelphia (1-4) two games. In a 2-2 tie, Wilson came in to serve three walks and a wild pitch before Perez replaced him and gave up a grand-slam homer. Then, in the 10th inning of another tie, Lersch walked two men before Wagner came on to 1) carelessly permit a double steal, 2) walk a man and 3) give up the game-winning hit. Man-

ager Bob Skinner then promptly demoted Lersch and Wagner to the minors. St. Louis (2-4) fell to fourth, 10 games out of first. All the Cards' losses were by three runs or less in games that could have been won with a few clutch hits. Instead, St. Louis stranded 52 men on base. Outscored 30-12, Montreal (0-6) ran its losing streak to 16 straight games, only seven short of the record for consecutive losses set by the Phillies when Gene Mauch, the present Expos' skipper, managed them.

Standings—East: Chi 13-16, Phil 15-21, NY 17-21, StL 22-25, Pitt 16-25, Mont 1-32. West: SF 24-17, LA 18-19, Cal 14-20, SD 24-22, Hous 14-22. SD 21-30.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

In his eight seasons as the only manager in California's (1-2) brief history, Bill Rigney had been fired almost annually by the press but never by the front office. Last week, with the Western Division's last place Angels on a 10-game losing streak, Rigney's bosses finally gave him the thumbs. Lefty Phillips, a coach whose playing career ended with an injury before he could move higher than Babe of the Arizona League, took over the team and led it to its first winning week since mid-April. For the rest of the West interdivisional play against the tougher East continued to be a nightmare. Division leader Minnesota (2-4) left 52 men on base and scored only eight runs in its losses despite hot hitting by Rod Carew (below). Still, the Twins held onto the top spot as second-place Oakland (3-4) won only when Chuck Dobson poked two complete games and right-hander George Lauzerique, just up from Iowa, threw an 11-strikeout complete game. Lauzerique, who had not gone to bat in the American Association, where they are experimenting with the designated pinch-hitter

HIGHLIGHT

As anyone knows who has read last year's batting records or gone out on the airport to greet a major league team, the 400 hitter and the team are equally elusive. They are for everybody but the good people of Minnesota, where the Twins have a 400 hitter who owes his career to a train and a train man. Second Baseman Rod Carew, who hit 400 last week to raise his season's average to .362, was born on a train in Panama and was first recommended to the Twins by a railroad detective named Herb Stein. "Herb mentioned a friend of his had seen a good prospect playing in New York, so we decided to give the player a tryout," recalls Cal Griffith, the Twins' owner. "After he played a few balls in the seats, that was enough. We signed him." The prospect was Carew, who joined the Twins in

1967 and became Rookie of the Year. In mid-August last season his average was .309, but then he started trying to hit home runs and dropped off to .271. "I thought about that during the winter," says the left-handed hitter. "I knew some adjustments had to be made. I switched from a 34- to a 36-ounce bat, opened my stance and forgot about hitting homers. All I do now is think base hit and I don't care how I do it, even if I hunt it, drag it, chop it or slash it." In one game Carew had two home singles and an inside-the-park home run. Last week he hit two homers in one game and later taught Red Sox ace Jim Lonborg how much his new attitude and stance have helped. "We used to get him out with a high, inside fastball," says Lonborg. "I threw him one tonight and he pulled it down the right-field line for a double. That hit went like a bullet." Or, maybe, a speeding locomotive.



CAREW: TRAINED IN ON ADO

When a Rabbit Won the Roses

The essential gem in the Triple Crown was only a secondhand pebble at the start. Even the horse that finished first was the wrong one

There are some sporting events that transcend even the sport they are part of. A heavyweight title fight when the champ is someone like Joe Louis or Muhammad Ali, the races for the America's Cup, golf's Masters and, perhaps most of all, the Kentucky Derby. Each of these events makes ardent fans and partisans of people who normally wouldn't know a bat from a boxing glove, a live-roon from a fetlock.

The fact that each year, on the first Saturday in May, millions who have never seen a live horse on a track tune their tubes to Churchill Downs would certainly have amazed Colonel M. Lewis Clark, the man who invented the Derby or, more accurately, borrowed it from the English. At the time the first Derby was run in Louisville in 1875, Clark was concerned only with the fact that there were no big races in his native Kentucky and that a lot of breeders were seriously thinking about closing down their farms. So, in 1872, after discussing the problem with breeders in the Blue Grass region, Clark went to England and France to study Europe's great tracks and races. There he got ideas for building his own track and there also he decided to inaugurate a great stakes race and pattern it on England's famous Epsom Derby.

Back in Louisville and full of enthusiasm, Colonel Clark sought out the Churchill family and from them bought 180 acres of land just outside the city limits. He then persuaded 32 horsemen to put \$1,000 apiece into a new Jockey Club to build a track and run the races. Unfortunately, the leveling of the rough terrain exhausted Clark's \$32,000. It took a further donation from a wealthy Louisville merchant, Major W. H. Thomas, to achieve a primitive grandstand and some stables.

May 17, the day of the first Derby, dawned clear and sunny, and some 10,000 Louisvillians set out for a day at the races—some coming in buggies or mule-drawn streetcars, some riding horses, some simply walking. As they waited at the track, the new railbirds ate picnic lunches. There were great splashes of color, particularly in the section set aside for ladies, where Mary Anderson, soon to become a noted actress, was the main attraction. "It was more than a race day," recalled one spectator, "it was a festival."

There was, of course, no pari-mutuel at that first Derby, but bookies did a hot business out of wagons. Favored in the wagering was Price McGrath's Chesapeake, coupled as an entry with a relatively unknown stablemate named Aristides. According to McGrath's race plan, Aristides, who had been cut up badly at Lexington because of the track's poor condition, was intended to be Chesapeake's rabbit. That is, Aristides was supposed to set the pace and wear down the other horses until Chesapeake could come on to win.

McGrath, owner of McGrathiana Stud Farm (now Coldstream Farm outside Lexington), was a self-made man. One of his favorite stories was that he was denied a formal education for the want of 2½¢. As McGrath told it, he gave the first dime he ever earned to a wealthy neighbor, requesting that the latter bring him a blue-back speller from the city. The neighbor came back empty-handed and returned the dime with the comment, "The book cost 12½ cents."

McGrath left his old Kentucky home and went West in the Gold Rush of 1849. He then went to New York and opened up a gambling house in partnership with John Morrissey, the former heavyweight champion of the world. In one night McGrath won \$105,000, closed shop and returned to Kentucky to establish McGrathiana Stud. He gained fame as a breeder but never drove horses himself, preferring a team of mules hitched to a wagon.

Among the 15 horses in the first Derby field, the McGrath entry, Chesapeake and Aristides, stood out sharply under the Stud's green-and-orange silks. Unlike the current Derbies, which are a quarter of a mile shorter, the first Derby lasted a mile and a half and was run over a track laid as fast. The winner was to receive \$2,850 (this year's winning purse was \$155,700) and a massive punch bowl costing \$1,000 and including 300 ounces of sterling silver. The race started at

a point opposite the grandstand. A starter lined up the horses, someone beat a drum to tell the jockeys the race was on and the official starter dropped a flag to send them off and running in the first Kentucky Derby.

A horse named Volcano took the early lead, with Aristides close behind and Chesapeake near the rear. Aristides' jockey was a Negro named Oliver Lewis, who later made racing history in another vein. Lewis worked for a bookmaker, telling him how certain horses ran in a race. The bookie took notes, which were later developed into charts of races. These charts were the forerunners of those appearing today in *The Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form*.

Lewis took Aristides to the lead at the half-mile pole. And when he still led after a mile, while Chesapeake dropped farther behind, it became apparent to owner McGrath that the rabbit was to be his Derby winner. So at the head of the stretch, where he had posted himself, McGrath waved at Lewis to "go on." The jockey then loosened his hold on Aristides' bridle and The Little Red Horse, as he became known, stood off a challenge by Volcano to win the first Derby.

The crowd was confused. Some didn't understand the term "entry" and thought the winner was Chesapeake, not Aristides. Others were amazed at Aristides' time of 2:37½—then the fastest mile and a half ever run by a 3-year-old. Among the puzzled ones was a 13-year-old boy standing on the seat of his father's wagon in the infield. He was Matt J. Winn, whose later management was to build the Derby into the spectacle it is today. Colonel Winn saw every Derby until his death in 1949. "That was my introduction to racing," Colonel Winn later said, "where, at 13, I was to learn so thoroughly that nothing on this earth is quite so unpredictable as a horse race."

—WILLIAM F. REED JR.



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CONTINENTAL

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

rule, also socked two key hits in his four tries as a major leaguer. "I never like to spend my holidays in Washington," said Chicago (2-4) General Manager Ed Short. Short remembers the time five years ago when the Senators knocked the Sox out of the pennant race with a doubleheader sweep on Labor Day. And he may regret Memorial Day weekend this year. With his team in position to strike for the lead, the White Sox lost three out of four against the Senators. Seattle (2-3) Manager Joe Schultz was caught red-handed—and red-faced—when he handed Oracle Manager Earl Weaver the wrong lineup card at a home-plate meeting. Weaver wanted until Tommy Davis slugged a two-run double to key a fifth-inning Pilot rally to protest the batting-order error to the umpires. The mistake cost Schultz's team two sure runs and a chance for a comeback in a 9-5 loss. Kansas City's (1-5) hitters averaged over four runs a game, but they were not enough as 18 Royal pitchers were clouted for 35 runs. Ken McMullen, who had been averaging 200, and Paul Casanova, who was down to 170, helped Washington (5-2) break a three-week slump by averaging 500 and 280. The Senators also received a boost from Darold Knowles, the team's top reliever the past two seasons who had been on active duty with the Air Force in Japan. Knowles appeared in his first four games of the year last week, winning two and allowing no runs. Boston (4-2) Shortstop Rico Petrocelli has been hitting so well—333 with 13 homers—that his fielding went unnoticed until he made a mistake. Petrocelli, who was the league's top fielding regular shortstop in 1968, made his first error in 49 games. The Red Sox' Ray Culp, a 16-game winner a year ago, became the league's top pitcher with his ninth victory. Detroit (4-2) Manager Mayo Smith has made no secret of his annoyance with Pitcher Joe Spina. "How would you like to watch Spina struggle, struggle, struggle all the time?" asks Smith. But last week even Smith was not complaining about the former Ohio State quarterback who struggled as usual—he walked seven but threw a one-hitter. With complete game wins from Mel Scottlen and Fritz Peterson and a .286 average from its hitters, New York (4-1) held fourth place despite the Senators' surge. Luis Tiant, who was 21-9 with a 1.60 ERA last year, finally won a game for Cleveland (2-4). Tiant had lost his first seven decisions and compiled a 7.51 earned-run average before stopping the Athletics 9-2. Division-leading Baltimore (3-2) held a lead of three games although aces Dave McNally and Tom Phoebus were both bombed twice and Phoebus lost his first game of the season. The pair, who now have a combined record of 12-1, pitched 14 2/3 innings and allowed 15 runs.

Standings—East: Balt. 25-15, Bos. 20-18, Det. 25-19, NY 24-25, Wash. 25-22, Clea. 12-30, West: Minn. 25-20, Oak 24-21, Sea. 21-28, Chi. 19-27, KC 21-26, Cal 14-30.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TRAGIC AWAKENING (CONT.) Sirs,

Jack Olson has done a remarkable and courageous job of reporting the tragedy of that August night in 1967 in Glacier National Park (*The Grizzly Bear Manager Goes, May 12 et seq.*). He has managed to research much closer to the truth than did the anonymous National Park Service investigative team. In spite of his pessimism as to the ultimate fate of the grizzly bear, he nevertheless has done the National Park Service and the American public a great service. Unfortunately, his in-cold-blood adherence to gory detail will create an image of the grizzly bear that may take years to erase from the public mind. The aberrant behavior of the two man-eating grizzlies no more reflects the general behavior of the species than the behavior of Adolf Hitler reflects the behavior of humans in general.

After 10 years of intensive research on the habits and behavior of grizzlies, I believe that grizzly bears and man can coexist in our great wilderness national parks. In coming to this conclusion Dr. Frank C. Craighead, myself and our colleagues captured and handled more than 500 grizzlies in Yellowstone and radio-tracked and closely observed many more.

Jack Olson has bared and expertly dissected the bear problem in Glacier, and he has shown where the responsibility for solving it lies. But Olson's investigation did not provide him with the knowledge of how to solve it, though it did give him every right to be pessimistic. However, the solution of grizzly-man compatibility lies not in pessimism but in intelligent application of scientific knowledge. The National Park Service now has at its disposal 10 years of grizzly-bear facts obtained by independent researchers. The service can utilize this information to manage grizzlies and people to the end that we need not sacrifice—forever—a creature of our wilderness parks, which would be as tragic as the leveling of Yellowstone Canyon because someone fatally fell from its brink.

To manage grizzlies and people will require some drastic changes in National Park Service management procedures and a willingness to accept new ideas. It will require sufficient funds so that rangers may keep as close a watch on grizzlies as on people and fires and traffic. It will require an expanded ranger and interpretive service and objective research by qualified personnel. Zoning areas for grizzlies and others for visitors will be necessary. Ultimately visitor use must be regulated if the parks are to be maintained as natural areas. Equally important, the public will have to accept a calculated risk. The grizzly is dangerous, but

it is a minor hazard to life and limb in national parks compared to traffic, boating, swimming and climbing.

JOHN J. CRAIGHEAD
Professor of zoology and forestry
University of Montana
Missoula, Mont.

Sirs,

I'm wondering now if the rangers will offer something in their defense. Not that I felt Mr. Olson wrote too strongly about them, although it was obvious where he placed the blame. I feel the rangers reacted, right or wrong, in a behavior pattern typical of most humans. These men have to live with the haunting self-punishment of what should have been done, while their supervisors are undoubtedly passing the buck and the general public is smugly saying what they would have done. But would they?

JAN FOLDES
Vista, Calif.

Sirs,

I believe you have left out part of the story. Shortly I will begin my fifth summer working on trail crews in Glacier National Park. I have camped or hiked in all the areas Jack Olson wrote about. As we work trails, we come in closer contact with the hikers and campers than most other park-service employees. Most of the people we meet are sensible people who thoroughly enjoy their trips because they know what they are doing. However, a significant number of them are unprepared for their hikes, ignorant of their surroundings and foolhardy in their lack of regard for park wildlife. It is this group that keeps park service employees so busy they are often unable to perform all their duties.

BILL LANGRISH
Fort Collins, Colo.

Sirs,

Jack Olson has written one of the finest pieces of literature I have ever read. He has reported objectively the facts and drawn obvious conclusions and still was able to write a breathtaking and mind-shattering report about how man is despoiling his world and ultimately himself.

HARRY T. BUREN
Roulette, Va.

Sirs,

Mr. Olson's series of articles on the grizzly bear attacks failed to bring out the most important shortcoming in our national park policy. That shortcoming is the prohibition of guns carried by persons going into the backcountry. A .357 Magnum handgun and training in its use should be minimum re-

quirements for anyone in grizzly country. How can anyone be naive enough to depend on rangers for protection when the rangers are miles away? A change of policy in this respect is definitely indicated.

DR. STEPHEN MEADOWS
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sirs,

Jack Olson's suggestion to eradicate the grizzly bear could only be extended to all animals of physical prowess superior to man, since man is crowding all such species to extermination just like the grizzly. To destroy the natural environment and its indigenous parts like this has already proved the height of unthinking shortsightedness.

PETER H. STOWE
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs,

I applauded Jack Olson's excellent, detailed account of the tragic grizzly bear attacks in Glacier National Park. I was especially glad to see previously recanted facts surrounding the events of that night brought into public view for the first time. A companion and I once hiked 50 miles inside the park, and we can attest that it would indeed be a shame to deny public access to all or part of the park because of the grizzlies.

But Mr. Olson's careful objectivity fades in the last installment, when he claims that "America's last frontier was eliminated on the morning of Aug. 13, 1967" and implies that extermination is inevitable.

DAVID F. WEIN
Boston

Neither Sir nor Jack Olson considers the extermination of the grizzly inevitable or desirable. Olson's point is that park regulations must be changed drastically if bears—and human lives—are to be saved. ED.

BITTER REWARD Sirs,

In commenting on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's article concerning the Santa Barbara oil disaster, Mr. Larry Dorsey suggests (19TH HOLE, May 12) that the people of Santa Barbara have reaped the dish to this tragedy.

In reply to Mr. Dorsey, I would ask this question: When does he foresee the possibility that such "products" as breathable air, unpolluted water and an uncluttered and livable environment will become an area of concern to the nation, indeed, the world? The time is rapidly drawing near when mankind will have to call a halt to the "bigger is necessarily better" philosophy of the utilities, the oil industry, the Army Corps of Engineers and other such depositors of our

continued

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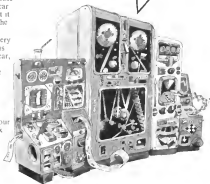
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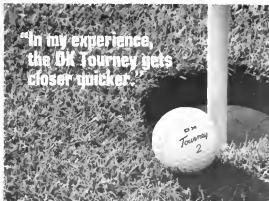


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19TH HOLE *continued*

planet. It is certainly true that oil is a much-needed commodity. It is also true that the better life that supposedly will accompany a higher consumption of oil will be a bitter reward if it has to be lived (or endured) in an environment that has been totally ruined in the process.

GEORGE E. FARLEY

Carlisle, Pa.

BEARDED REPLY

Sirs:

After seeing your pictures of Allen, Hartack and Namath (*Rebel And Run You Car It*, May 19), I wonder if we shouldn't designate Pennsylvania as the Rebel State. All three come from there. Richie Allen is from Wampum, Bill Hartack is from Johnstown and Joe Namath is from Beaver Falls.

RUDY LOCHNER

Southampton, Pa.

DEAR OLD BALAMOR

Sirs:

In 1946 Henri (May 19), Christine O'Hearn said that "no city in the country has experienced such excitement sports-wise as has Boston this year." She evidently overlooked dear old Baltimore, called Baltimore by outsiders who don't know any better. The Colts have had the best record in pro football for the last five seasons and won the NFL title last season. The Orioles have bounced back to their old form and, after a second-place finish last year, look like they are going to go all the way this time, just like Si said they would. Add to this the fact that the Bullets had the best record in the NBA, with many successful years ahead, and it becomes evident that the people of Baltimore have an awful lot to cheer about all year, while the only time I hear of Boston is in April.

ANDY LONGO

Lakewood, N.J.

✱

Sirs:

ScoreCARD's item (May 19) regarding one-day betting records needs a little clarifying.

Aqueduct's record of \$6,120,631 was betting that was sent through the mutual machines on May 31, 1965 and on that day only.

Churchill Downs accepts betting on the Derby the day before, when more than a million dollars is usually wagered.

So, should the record ever be broken at Churchill, it must be considered a two-day betting record. Perhaps an asterisk record would be more suitable.

JOSEPH MALIN

Berwyn, Ill.

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